

# THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

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# EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON,  
HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## LINES

Affectionately inscribed to Port Deposit, Md.

BY MISS H. E. SEARS.

Brightly flows the Susquehanna, bright as in those  
by-gone days,  
When its glorious wealth of waters used at first to  
charm my gaze;  
Hills and rocks and trees together, on its banks  
seemed rudely piled,  
And the voice of streamlets gushing, made a music  
glad and wild,  
Like the untroubled expression of a happy little  
child.

But to-day a smoother picture lies before me 'neath  
the sky,  
Softened partly by the distance, where the smooth  
round hill-tops lie;  
While the river gently flows the more level banks  
between,  
On whose richer soil the verdure hath a brighter,  
warmer green,  
Blending a luxuriant beauty with the influence  
serene.

And the peace that gently cometh to the soul's  
maturer years,  
Only born of life's experience, watered o'er with  
many tears,  
And the beauty that upspringeth when all early  
blooms decay,  
From their waste fresh life deriving, and renewing  
all the way,  
Lead me through the past and distant to the fresh-  
ness of to-day.

Well I love thee, Port Deposit, love thy wild and  
rocky shore,  
Love thy hills, with pine and hemlock and the  
laurel covered o'er,  
Ever green, as through all changes of my life will  
mingled be,  
Even in its darkest winter, pleasant, loving  
thoughts of thee,  
My sunny hours to brighten, in my gloom to  
comfort me.

And I'll forget thy friendships from the heart  
that drew the strain  
from short, unwilling partings,—When shall we  
all meet again?  
Now we meet no more, yet ever do I wander side  
by side,  
With those noble, loving spirits, in whose sphere I  
still abide,  
With a sweet, serene affection, death itself cannot  
divide.

This is why the scene before me with another is  
combined,  
Why the stern and rugged beauty of that picture  
for my mind  
Hath a charm, a life not present in the tamer  
views around,  
Something wanting that doth make it to my soul  
true hallowed ground,  
A companionship in nature that in these alone is  
found.

Harriburg, April 1858.

## THREE KINDS OF FOLLY.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."

## A NIGHT OF TUMULT.

### CHAPTER VI.

Things were almost coming to a revolt;  
never were poor tenant farmers so ground down  
and oppressed as those on the estate of Most-  
Grange. Rents were raised, fines imposed,  
expenses, properly falling on landlords, refused to  
be paid or allowed for. Mr. Dalrymple, the  
present owner, was ruling with a hand of iron,  
hard and cruel.

As to the Grange itself, the dwelling man-  
sion, it was the dreariest of the dreary. When  
Oscar Dalrymple through the extravagance of  
his wife, had been rendered liable for heavy  
debts, he had sold off the better portion of the  
furniture, retained two or three of the rooms  
as habitable for himself, wife, and one servant,  
and closed the shutters of the rest. There  
they lived, a life of penuriousness; and Selina,  
Mrs. Dalrymple, would sometimes unlock the  
doors of the ones familiar rooms, and pace  
alone about their dusty floors, in anger and re-  
morse almost uncontrollable. Anger against  
her husband, who need not have proceeded to  
this extreme pass, and remorse for her own  
folly, which had led to it.

Three years went by, and things grew worse;  
more wretched in-door, more oppression out.  
One day Mr. Lee came up to the Grange, who  
had rented all his life, and his father be-  
fore him, under the Dalrymples.

"Sir," began Farmer Lee, without any cir-  
cumlocution, when he was admitted to the  
presence of his landlord, "I am come up about that  
paper which has been sent to me from Jones,  
your lawyer. It's a notice that next Michael-  
mas, when my lease will expire, the rent is to  
be raised."

"Well!" said Mr. Dalrymple.  
"A pound an acre."

"Well!"  
"A pound an acre," repeated Farmer Lee,  
with increased emphasis, as if he thought he  
was not heard. "Jones must have made a mis-  
take; you never could have told him that, sir.  
My daughters think he wrote it when he was  
drunk; for everybody knows that he has his  
finger on a drinking."

"They are the instructions I gave him, Mr.  
Lee."

"To raise my rent a pound an acre" echoed

the farmer, forgetting his grammar in his ex-  
citement.

"Exactly. The farm will bear it."

"No it won't bear it, sir, and I won't pay it."

"I am sorry for that, Mr. Lee, because it  
leaves only one alternative."

"And what's that?" asked Mr. Lee.

"To substitute in its place a notice to quit."

"To quit! to quit the farm! for me to quit  
my farm!" reiterated Mr. Lee, in his astonish-  
ment. "Why, it has been my home all my life,  
sir, and it was my father's afore me. I was  
born in that farm, Mr. Dalrymple, years and  
years before you ever came into the world,  
and I mean to die in it."

Mr. Dalrymple did not acquiesce or object  
in words. He only looked at him with his im-  
passive face, and cold, colorless eye.

"It's my labor, sir, that has made it what it  
is," continued the farmer. "When my poor  
father died, it was not half the farm it is  
now. Early and late have I been at my post,  
working myself, and seeing that my men work-  
ed. I have spared neither labor nor money to  
bring it to its present fine condition; you can't  
deny, Mr. Dalrymple, that it's the best worked  
and most flourishing land on the estate."

"My good sir, I do not deny it. I say as  
you do: that it is too flourishing to remain at  
its present low rent."

"The rent is not low, sir; the rent's a fair  
rent—fair for master and fair for tenant. Ask  
any impartial person, ask Mr. Cleveland, or ask  
Jones, and they'll say as I do. You don't seem  
to take into account, sir, that my money has  
brought it to what it is, and that I have not  
yet had a return for my money spent. If you  
raise the rent twenty shillings an acre, the mo-  
ney may just as well have been chucked into  
the dirt."

"I can make no alteration in my decision,"  
said Mr. Dalrymple. "I have these complaints  
from day to day; nothing else but complaints.  
The land on my estate has considerably increas-  
ed in value, yet those who reap the benefit ob-  
ject to pay a higher rent. I had two of you  
here yesterday, Watkins and Bumford."

"They have spent money upon their farms,  
too, they have, and the land hasn't answered to  
it. Good farmers are Watkins and Bum-  
ford," nodded the speaker, approvingly. "but  
they have not spent half what I have. You see,  
sir, we never looked for Mr. Dalrymple's dying  
young, and—"

"Are you speaking of Charles Dalrymple?"  
interrupted the owner of Most-Grange.

"No, poor fellow, I don't mean Mr. Charles.  
I mean his father. Squire Dalrymple did die  
young, sir, so to say; you can't call a man un-  
der fifty, old. Well, he was a good landlord,  
and we were not afraid to lavish money on our  
farms, because we knew we should be allowed  
to reap its fruits ourselves. That's how it  
was, sir."

"Mr. Dalrymple's rule is past and gone; he  
was always indifferent to his own interests—  
Had he been more alive to them, his death  
would not have left his family in the helpless  
condition that it did."

"You mean Mr. Charles's death and your  
succession, sir," boldly returned the farmer,  
though his tone lost none of its respect. "When  
Squire Dalrymple died and Mr. Charles suc-  
ceeded, the family still lived on in comfort at  
the Grange here, as they had done before. And  
as they would have done after, had he lived,  
generous young fellow."

"A squandering young prodigal!" scoldfully  
retorted Oscar Dalrymple.

"Well, he's gone, poor soul, and it will  
answer no end to speak for or against him, but  
he was a favorite on every road throughout the  
estate. And his death brought you to rule  
over us, and I am sorry to have to say, sir, that  
your rule's a very hard one."

"It will not be made easier," curtly rejoined  
Mr. Dalrymple. "I told Bumford and Wat-  
kins so yesterday. The terms proposed to you  
by Jones you must accept, or leave the farm."

The farmer took out his pocket-book; a huge  
leather affair, which could never be got in or  
out without damage to the pocket's entrance.

"Then I have got a bit of a document here,  
sir, which I needn't have shown, if you would  
have listened to reason without it. Somewhat  
beyond that six years ago, sir," he proceeded to  
explain, "when I was hesitating about laying  
out so much money upon the farm, knowing  
that my lease had entered on its last seven  
years, I put the question, right off-hand, to the  
squire: If I continued to lay out money on the  
farm, and to build stables and else, as I wished  
to do, should I have the lease renewed on the  
same terms? And that's what he wrote me in  
reply. His end followed soon upon it."

Oscar Dalrymple took the note, yellow with  
lying by, from the farmer, and cast his eyes  
over it.

"DEAR LEE,—Put what money you like  
upon the farm, for I hereby pass you my word  
that at the expiration of the present lease, a  
fresh one shall be granted you on the same  
terms."

Truly yours,  
"R. DALRYMPLE."

"He thought of me and of this promise on  
his death-bed, the squire did," resumed the  
farmer, "and charged his son to fulfill it. Mr.  
Charles told me so himself, and that it should  
be all right."

"Charles and his father are gone," repeated  
Oscar Dalrymple, tossing back the letter with  
a gesture of contempt at Farmer Lee's sim-  
plicity. "That paper is not worth a farthing."

"Not in law; I am aware of that, sir; but I  
thought you'd need only look at it to act upon  
it. The squire was almost like a father to you,  
Mr. Dalrymple, and I never supposed but you

would wish to carry out his wishes. I have  
felt as secure, having that document by me, as  
if it was a fresh lease."

Mr. Dalrymple rose.

"I will not detain you longer, Mr. Lee, your  
time is valuable."

"And what's my answer, sir?"

"That you pay the additional rent demanded,  
or give up the farm."

Farmer Lee was a quiet man, little given to  
bursts of anger, but he could not control some  
harsh epithets, directed to Oscar Dalrymple, as  
he walked towards his own land. In turning  
sharply out of a field, he came upon two la-  
dies, one young and very nice-looking, the other  
getting in years, of thin, white features, and  
gray hair.

"Law, ma'am," cried he, touching his hat  
to the elder, "I'm glad to see you out again."

"Ay," she said, "I have had a long bout of  
it, the longest illness I ever had in my life. I  
am getting better, but slowly; and this fine spring  
day tempted me forth."

"And what is it that has been the matter?"  
asked the farmer. "We never could learn the  
rights of it. Old Reuben told my daughter Ju-  
dith that it was as much weakness as any-  
thing."

"Reuben was right," said Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Weakness and grief, that has been chiefly the  
matter, with me. Try as I will, Mr. Lee, I  
cannot forget my poor son's dreadful death. I  
have been killing ever since, though it never told  
seriously upon my health till this last winter.  
And I have a great deal of trouble in many  
ways."

"Trouble, ma'am, there's nothing but trouble  
for all of us," spoke the farmer.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Lee," cried  
the young lady.

"Well, yes I do, miss; I remember your  
face. I think I had used to see you with poor  
Master Charles and the young ladies."

"I am Isabel Lynn; you remember now,"  
she said, holding out her hand.

"Ay, I do," answered he, heartily shaking it.

"And if what we used to think was true, we  
should have had you among us for good, had  
Master Charles lived."

She turned away her face, blushing deeply,  
almost to tears, with her unhappy remem-  
brances.

"And a lucky thing it had been you and  
Master Charles to reign at the Grange, instead  
of what is now. I don't mean any disrespect  
to Miss Selina, ma'am," he added to Mrs. Dal-  
rymple, "you are not afraid I do; but her hus-  
band is a hard master."

"You need not tell me he is," returned Mrs.  
Dalrymple, her eye kindling. "I know it too  
well."

"A good many of our leases are out this year,  
and he is raising us all—raising us shame-  
fully. Mine a pound an acre."

"A pound an acre!" echoed Mrs. Dal-  
rymple.

"Not a shilling less, ma'am. Jones sent me  
the notice yesterday, so I just put on my Sun-  
day coat this morning and have been up to the  
Grange, and all the answer I have got is, that I  
may pay it or leave the farm. I showed him  
that letter of your husband's, ma'am, promising  
to renew the lease to me on the same terms to  
justify my laying out money on the land and  
homesteads. It was just as if I had shown him  
a bit of waste paper."

"Unjust!" murmured Mrs. Dalrymple.

"It's worse than unjust, ma'am, it's robbery.  
I laid out my hard savings under that specifi-  
c promise, and I might just as well have chucked  
the money asked into the earth. There's no-  
thing but oppression going on from one end of  
the farm to the other."

"And I fear that nothing else must be looked  
for from him," sighed Mrs. Dalrymple. "I  
wish he had never become my son-in-law. Sel-  
ina is his wife, and the disgrace of these doings  
seems to reflect on us."

"It was a hard day that took Mr. Charles  
from us. Miss Lynn, I hope you won't forget  
to come and see us, while you are here; my  
daughters would feel heart."

"On, I shall often come," she replied. "I  
am going to stay all the summer with Mrs. Dal-  
rymple, if she will have me. Remember me to  
them."

They parted. At a distance, having stopped  
when his mistress stopped, whom he had been  
following, stood old Reuben, a most attached  
servant, who had served three generations of  
the family. When Charles Dalrymple died—  
or, to designate events correctly, when Charles  
Dalrymple committed suicide—Reuben had re-  
turned to the service of his mother, Mrs. Dal-  
rymple. But with her son, Mrs. Dalrymple  
had lost her means, and she told Reuben that  
she could not afford to keep a man-servant,  
hardly a maid, but Reuben replied that he had  
saved more than enough money to keep himself,  
and should live with Mrs. Dalrymple without  
pay, and wait upon her—she shouldn't leave her  
to the mercies of a dirty mald-of-all-work. And  
so he had done.

The farmer stopped to greet Reuben, and the  
two expatiated for some minutes, to their  
hearts' content, not in favor of Oscar Dal-  
rymple.

"Would you believe that he wanted to  
charge Mrs. Dalrymple rent for that poor house  
we are in? It's a fact; but don't you men-  
tion it again."

"Impossible," said the farmer. "On her  
own estate—at least, what was hers for  
years."

"He did, and he gets it. Others manage it  
for her, for she couldn't afford to pay it. He is  
a bad man. Ah! if my poor young master had  
not been so rash! He would have come into  
the Dalrymple estates, Mr. Lee."

"What, Mr. Charles would?"

"As true as we are here," said Reuben.

"The heir, Sir Charles's only son, is dead, and  
my poor Mr. Charles was the next heir."

Though I dare say he never gave it a thought,  
in life, that the title and estates would ever  
drop to him."

"Why, he'd have come to be a baronet then,  
if he had lived?"

"A baronet with a large rent-roll. Sir  
Charles Dalrymple is in very bad health, and  
cannot last long."

"Does it come to that grasp-all?" breath-  
lessly uttered the farmer, jerking his head in  
the direction of the Grange.

"No; more the blessing," returned Reuben.

"Most-Grange was entailed on him, but  
Dalrymple's not. At Sir Charles's death the  
title lapses now; and I'm sure I don't know  
who'll get the money, except that it won't be  
Oscar Dalrymple; he's no favorite there. I  
hope Sir Charles will remember my poor mis-  
tress."

"If folks tell true," said the farmer, "it is  
Sir Charles who has helped her ever since our  
Master Charles died."

Reuben made no reply. He did not choose  
to assist the gossip of the neighborhood.

"And to think that Master Charles should  
have made away with himself, through a bit of  
temporary embarrassment, when if he had  
stood it out and battled with the storm, he  
would have succeeded to Dalrymple!" uttered  
the amazed farmer, as he said good-day to  
Reuben.

### CHAPTER VII.

Positive rebellion came; open warfare be-  
tween Oscar Dalrymple and his tenants. The  
notice of rent-raising, served upon several, had  
been withdrawn, and notice to quit substituted.  
To Farmer Lee among others. The farms  
were let over their heads, and it was known  
that the next thing would be ejectment. The  
whole neighborhood, formerly so peaceable, was  
in excitement.

Michaelmas-day was very near, and a meet-  
ing was held one night at Farmer Lee's. It  
could not be called a secret meeting, for the  
farmer would have disdained the name, but se-  
veral stole to it with caution, conscious that  
their hearts were ready to speak treason  
against their landlord.

"Have ye heard the fresh movement?" asked  
Farmer Watkins, when he entered.

"I've heard it," responded an eager voice.—  
"Thomas is out."

"How did they get him out at last?"

"Unroofed him."

"No!"

"They did. As they did last week by the  
huts on the common. It's shameful."

"The next ejectment will be me," said Far-  
mer Lee. "They won't have to unroof this,  
though, for I shall go out quiet, when the time  
comes."

"You will!" echoed a neighbor, in surprise.

"What's the good of holding out? It would  
only draw down expense and trouble upon us.  
They have got the law on their side. We'll  
talk it over presently when all have come in,  
but I think we must decide to give up, and  
what one does, all had better do."

"Give in to the hardship!" roared a farmer.

"The thing's this," said Mr. Lee, who was  
the largest holder on the estate, "won't it make  
the hardship worse, to defy them?"

"Well, let Dalrymple look to himself," signi-  
ficantly observed Farmer Bumford. "He'll  
get served out, may-be."

"How can he? We have no power to serve  
him out."

"We haven't; and should be afraid to use it,  
perhaps, if we had. But that unfortunate lot  
he ejected from the common, they can't afford.  
They are collecting there now, as I came by,  
and if there ain't mischief brewing, my name's  
not Dick Bumford."

"What do you think they will do?" asked  
Miss Judith Lee, who had entered to bring a  
large silver tankard of ale, and heard the last  
sentence with awe.

"Why, they'll duck Dalrymple in the nearest  
horse-pond, the first time they catch him  
abroad, that's my opinion," answered jolly Mr.  
Bumford.

"Is that all," said Miss Judith; "I feared  
you meant worse, for they are a lawless lot, if  
provoked. A ducking would do him good.  
Poor things," she added, "it's enough to make  
them lawless: the roofs torn off their heads  
and they forced out. I thought till now that  
such practices were confined to Ireland. What  
is he raising the cottages to the ground for?"

"To build up houses in their stead; which  
is what he means to do by Thomas's cottage—  
No danger that Oscar Dalrymple will go on  
unroof houses, unless they are to come down;  
he won't cost himself a useless penny."

The unfortunate lot, spoken of by Mr. Bum-  
ford, were collecting on the outskirts of the  
common, in view of their late homes, and had  
Mr. Dalrymple appeared then, he might have  
been thankful to escape with only a ducking,  
for anger and revenge were at work within  
them. The group were in harsh converse,  
when footsteps were heard advancing, and they  
turned their sullen faces towards the sound.

Who should it be but Mrs. Dalrymple of  
the Grange, Oscar's wife. She had been spending  
the day with her mother, and was now going  
home escorted by Reuben. She affected to look  
another way, perhaps afraid to look towards  
them. One of the body advanced and stood in  
her way.

"You'd hurry by, would you?" said he, in a tone  
that spoke more of plaint than threat. "Won't

you turn your eyes once, to the ruin your hus-  
band has wrought? Look at the mud and  
mortal! If the walls wasn't of warm brick  
or costly stone, they was good enough for us—  
Look at the spot! Them was our homes."

Selina trembled visibly. She was aware of  
the awful feeling abroad against her husband,  
and a dread rushed into her heart that they  
might be going to visit it on her. Would they  
ill-use her?—kill her?

Reuben spoke up; but he was old and weak,  
and powerless against so many, and he knew it;  
therefore his tone was more conciliating than it  
would otherwise have been.

"What do you mean by molesting Mrs. Dal-  
rymple? Stand away, Dyke, and let her pass.  
You wouldn't hurt her: if she is Mr. Dalrym-  
ple's wife she was the squire's daughter, and he  
was always good to you."

"Stand away yourself, old man. Who said  
we was a going to hurt her?" roughly retorted  
Dyke. "Taint likely, and you've said the reason  
why. Ma'am, do you see them ruins? Does  
they make you blush?"

"I am very sorry to see them, Dyke," an-  
swered Mrs. Dalrymple. "It is no fault of  
mine."

"Is it hard upon us, or not, that we should  
be turned out of the poor roofs that sheltered  
us? We paid our bit of rent, all on us, not  
one was a defaulter. How would you like to  
be turned out of your home, and told the poor-  
house was afore you and an order for it, if you  
liked to go there?"

"I can only say how very sorry I am," re-  
turned Mrs. Dalrymple, much distressed, as  
well as terrified. "I wish I could help you.  
I wish I could put you into better cottages  
to-morrow, but I am as powerless as you  
are."

"Will you tell him to do it? We are a com-  
ing up to ask him. Will you tell him to come  
out and face us and look at them ruins, and  
then go and see our wives and babbies a hudd-  
ling in barns, lent us out o' charity? Tell  
him, ma'am, please."

Dyke moved away, and Mrs. Dalrymple lost  
no time in speeding on to the Grange. Reu-  
ben, when he had seen her safe in, returned  
home.

Mr. Dalrymple was in the oak parlor, com-  
fortless and cold-looking at that season without  
fire, when his wife entered. She threw herself  
into a chair and burst into tears.

"I have been so terrified. As I came by the  
common, with Reuben, the men were there,  
and—"

"What men?" interrupted Mr. Dalrymple.

"Those you ejected from the cottages. They  
were not insolent to me, but they stopped me,  
and began to speak about their wrongs."

"Their wrongs—did you say?"

"Yes, and I must say it," she firmly an-  
swered, goaded by fright and excitement to re-  
monstrate against the injustice she had hitherto  
dared to interfere with. "Cruel wrongs. Oscar,  
if you go on like this, oppressing all on the  
estate, you will be murdered as sure as you live.  
They will not bear it."

"Any of them. I hear that there is a meet-  
ing at Lee's to-night."

"Their chance of meeting on my estate will  
soon be ended," calmly responded Oscar Dal-  
rymple. "They are a set of wretches, all; all  
in league against me, and that determined me  
to get rid of them."

"It is your own fault that they are against  
you. They never were against papa."

He did not think it worth while to reply.

"It is cruel to the farmers to turn them  
away, but it is doubly cruel to these men to  
have forced them from their cottages," con-  
tinued Selina. "They paid their rent. Their  
wives and children, poor creatures, are in re-  
fuge in barns. The men said would I tell you  
to go out and look at them, huddling there. I  
would not have acted so, if I had not a shilling  
in the world, for I should expect a judgment to  
overtake me for my cruelty."

Mr. Dalrymple wheeled round his chair, and  
fixed his eyes on his wife.

"Whose cruel conduct has been the cause of  
it?" he asked, in his cold voice, ten times worse  
than another's anger. "Who got into secret  
debts to the tune of some six or seven thousand  
pounds, and let the bills come in to me?"

She dropped her eyes then, for his reproach  
was true.

"And forced me to retrench, almost to star-  
vation, and grind down the tenants, to keep  
me from a prison? Was it you or I, Mrs. Dal-  
rymple?"

"But things need not have proceeded to these  
extremes," she replied, her courage re-  
turning. "I am sure the debts must be nearly  
liquidated by now, and we ought not to have  
lived in this niggardly way, and made the  
Grange a byword in the county. The manage-  
ment of the estate might have gone on as it did  
in papa's lifetime, and no oppression or cruelty  
been exercised. It would only have taken a  
little longer period to clear us. No, Oscar,  
though I have never liked to say so much, it is  
your own mean, grasping spirit which has  
prompted to this, not the debts. I foresee that  
when you are clear and in the enjoyment of  
your full income, you will still be a cruel land-  
lord. It is your nature."

"If by exacting the last farthing from all  
who rent under me, means cruelty, yes," he re-  
plied, "and I shall never live otherwise than  
as we are living now, so don't let your hopes in-  
volve you in disappointment. The world's  
against me, and I'll be against the world. I'll  
snap my fingers at it, and show that I despise  
it."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

DEATH OF THOMAS H. BENTON.

Hon. Thomas H. Benton died in Washington at half-past seven o'clock on the morning of April 10th. His disease was cancer in the stomach. He was 76 years of age on the 14th of March. A strong, earnest, indomitable man.

GRACE GREENWOOD'S NOVELET

We design commencing in our next number, "FOUR IN HAND; OR, THE BEQUEST," an original novelet by GRACE GREENWOOD.

HUMAN NATURE.

Anderson and Richards, two negroes, were recently executed in the city of Lancaster, in this State, for the murder of two respectable and elderly ladies, Mrs. Garber and Mrs. Ream. The murder was committed on the morning of December 16th, at the house of Mr. Conrad Garber, while he was out attending to business. Mrs. Ream was a relative by marriage of Mrs. Garber, and had called in to see her. While she was there, the murderers came in, on pretext of obtaining a job as chimney sweepers, and finding the women defenceless, they stabbed them, leaving them dead on the floor, and then stole such money as they could lay their hands on.

Anderson leaves a confession behind him. He says that they murdered the women for 125 cents, which they wanted to get a pint of whiskey with. They had previously asked for food, and it had been given them. This case contains in itself a sufficient answer to a certain class of so-called philanthropists, who continually take for granted the radical innocence and goodness of even the vilest of the community. This class of "philanthropists" may almost be imagined drawing up petitions for the pardon of such wretches as those mentioned above, calling them "poor fellows who have a great deal of good in them, only they were a little foolish and excited on that occasion."

All reasoning upon human nature which does not admit the possibility of its becoming thoroughly demoralized, even in the flesh, must necessarily fail to reach true and accurate conclusions. Here are two facts, which no man can deny:—the existence of men who would die by torture rather than pilfer a shilling from a millionaire; and the existence of men who would murder two old women in order to procure a shilling with which to buy a pint of whiskey. Thus human nature touches all the grades from the highest heaven to the lowest hell. As there is a possibility in it of infinite goodness, so there is a possibility of infinite wickedness;—and one man dying, probably passes as naturally into the society of devils, as another into the innumerable company of angels.

Now, human laws and institutions should recognize this great fact of infinite diversity in the nature of men. If they fail to do so, they do so at their own peril, and at the peril of society. For it is not what men would like the world and human nature are, but what the world and human nature are, that is the important question. A so-called philosopher may argue that it is very unjust that a man should be killed merely by attempting to step down a precipice;—but none the less will he fall hurt him, if he make the experiment. He may argue that a thing is not just and right, and therefore ought not to be so, or even that it cannot be so;—but if it is so, he either will have to alter his conduct in accordance with the fact, or suffer the consequences of stupidity;—however "philanthropically" ignoring it.

It is perpetually done by foolish men, but no wise man ever denounces the great laws of the universe. If a thing be so, not as a mere result of the free-agency of man, but as a great natural or spiritual fact, it is to be reverently accepted, not denounced. Although finite man cannot always see the perfect wisdom and love of all the conditions of his existence, it becomes him to attribute it to his own want of perception, and not to the weakness or oversight of the Infinite Creator. The Scripture says, "The fear of God is the beginning of Wisdom;" and every truly wise man knows this to be the case. He knows that it is not possible to enter into the palace of wide and lofty thought, except through the low-arched portal of a reverent humility;—and that no man can be truly wise except so far as he is truly good.

It is unnecessary to give a special application to these remarks: for if the thoughts of men be just and right, their actions will be wise also. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." He who believes that there is very little difference between men, intellectually and morally,—will have his opinions upon very many important subjects in Church and State vitally influenced

thereby. And if that fundamental belief be false—as we think it is—his opinions, incarnated into actions and measures, will meet with success after success in the shape of constant failure and constant demoralization, because they will be out of the harmony of nature, and contrary to the established order of the universe. It is only as man's laws accord with God's laws, that they can attain to any permanent success. Every departure from them is like an attempt to plant seed in the winter with the expectation of reaping a harvest in the spring. We may argue that it is very unwise and unjust to be restricted in this Northern climate to only one harvest a year, while in many other places they have two or more harvests—but if the fact be so, that is, to wise men, an end of the matter. And in the mental and spiritual as in the material world, he is the only wise worker who works in accordance with the established laws. Working thus, what he builds, whether as a private or public man, he builds upon the everlasting rock; the rock—not of a few fleeting decades—but of the enduring Ages!

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

It is rather difficult for an impartial observer to come to a satisfactory conclusion as to the true condition of affairs in France at the present time—the reports are so various and conflicting. Even as to whether Louis Napoleon is taking especial care to secure his personal safety, or is exposing himself freely and even recklessly in all parts of Paris, the accounts greatly differ. And if we cannot come to a decision upon such a simple matter of fact as this, how can we expect to decide whether his popularity with the masses of the people continues to be as great as ever, or the exact reverse.

Then there are stories of other attempts at assassination, like the following from a Paris correspondent of the Boston Post:—

"The peace which was promised by the detection and capture of Orsini is not high. On Monday last, another shot, I am told, was fired at the Emperor, just as he was leaving the little garden to the right of the gateway of the Tuilleries, to cross over to the terrace on the other side. The shot came from a sub-officer of one of the regiments of the line. But few persons were present; and he stood isolated from the little knot of *fumeurs* who assemble against the grating, to see the Emperor pass by. No event of the kind is, of course, ever registered in the journals—not even to state that the shot has missed, as usual, nor to mention about the star and the 'mission' under which, and for which, Louis Napoleon pronounces himself invulnerable. The rumor runs, that the culprit was shot on the instant; and another report declares that the character he had assumed was a fictitious one, and that he had turned out, on examination, to belong to the Italian section of conspirators, although himself a Frenchman. The story is believed throughout Paris, in spite of the secrecy with which it has been hushed up; and has not tended to increase the security of the public mind, as you may well imagine."

Then there is another story that Mazzini had written to Louis Napoleon, denouncing vengeance upon all his race if he executed Orsini; and that the Emperor was trembling in his shoes, and the Empress Eugenie greatly alarmed for the safety of her little son, "the child of France."

It would probably be just as well to disbelieve about two-thirds of these stories. As to the Mazzini one, we should think Mazzini was more of a man than to denounce vengeance upon women and children! Orsini had staked his life upon a cast, and failed—and to threaten vengeance on Louis Napoleon for ridding himself, by due course of law, of so implacable and unscrupulous an enemy, were worse than folly.

We do not admire Louis Napoleon. We do not agree with Lander that he reigns by the most complete of titles—nor see how Lander can reconcile that statement with his own Republican views. We think that Louis Napoleon is acting unwisely in his present severely restrictive policy;—and that he will lose more than he will gain by drawing too tightly the curb of such a restrictive steed as France. But, though we are no admirers of the French Emperor—neither are we admirers of his Blood-Red Republican enemies, who are bringing the name Republican itself into odium and dispute. The pound is not often the chosen weapon of great souls; but much better the poniard in the hand of a brave, self-sacrificing man, than the bomb-shell scattering destruction amid scores of innocent victims. We know not that any great and enduring success was ever achieved by either.

THE NEW LIQUOR LAW.—A bill has passed the House of Representatives of this State, by a large majority, virtually throwing open the liquor business to all persons "of good character," who comply with the provisions of the act. It is curious to contrast the excitement in favor of absolute prohibition some years ago, with the general apathy upon the whole subject now. Perhaps the bow was kept too tightly strung, and therefore lost its elasticity. The next movement in this connection will probably be one in favor of simple Temperance, as contrasted with Total Abstinence—and will strive to enlarge the sphere of the domestic wines and other domestic fermented liquors, at the expense of the fiery distilled ones. It is greatly to be desired that the adulteration both of fermented and distilled liquors, especially where poisonous drugs are used, should be put an end to. It seems to be generally admitted that a large portion of the worst evils resulting from the habitual use of strong liquors, comes from the articles used to adulterate them. Intemperance, temperate, and total abstinence men, we should think, could all agree at least to prohibit that scandalous adulteration of almost all kinds of liquors which is now so prevalent, and which leads so frequently to the most painful and inveterate diseases. Doubtless delirium tremens itself is very often more the result of strychnine and other poisonous drugs, than of the liquor which has been imbibed.

EARTH HUNGER.—There is a malady common to savages in certain parts of the world, which is termed "earth-hunger." It provokes an incessant craving for clay, a species of food which fails to satisfy the appetite, and impairs the power of digestion.

So says a London periodical relative to the constant craving for more land of the East India Company. We would suggest that the same malady is not altogether unknown in this country.

THE ENGLISH COURT COSTUME.

There is some hope that our English costume will before long do away with their ridiculous court costume, when the London Times can treat the subject as follows:—

There can be no objection to the *Herald's* Elizabethan Redoubter, and to many other wigs and strays of antiquity that have been bequeathed to us by the older dynasties which have held sway in these realms. They add a certain degree of picturesque quaintness to our court ceremonies, and are at least harmless and inoffensive. We would not see a levee at St. James's nor a State reception at Buckingham Palace, modelled upon the newest fashion from Washington.

It must, however, be admitted that in England our practice involves a confusion of principles. Take for instance, the dress which an English gentleman is bound to wear when he presents himself before his Sovereign. If this were an affair of trunk hose and slashed doublets, as in the days of Elizabeth, or of pointed shoes fastened up to the knees, as in still older times, at least we should have gained something. A court reception, as far as costume went, would be nearly as grand a sight as one of Mr. Charles Kean's happiest revivals at the Princess's Theatre. Besides this immediate gain by the marked distinction drawn between the actual dress of the period and the dress which was obligatory upon courtiers on parade, we should certainly add greater stateliness and dignity to the court costume. This, however, is not our practice. On the other hand, we might sink all considerations which lead to the adoption of an exceptional dress upon occasions of court pageantry, and permit English gentlemen to enjoy the ease and comfort which they would derive from the use of their ordinary dress—such dress as any one of a dozen dukes would wear in his own palace. This, again, is not our practice. We neither fall back upon antiquity nor do we enjoy the advantages of modern comfort. We don't go back two or three centuries to find a really beautiful costume, nor are we content with the dress of an English gentleman such as is commonly worn by persons of that class in the year 1858. For many years past we have adhered to a hybrid something which is neither old nor new, and which is pre-eminently unsightly, and ridiculous.

The court dress of our time is the court dress, or, indeed, the ordinary evening dress, of the early Georges—it is not a time-honored costume. It is, however, so remote from the ordinary form and fashion of the days in which we live, that it is an anomaly. It is so far from our customary habit, and yet it is worn so recently by all, that it has just drifted down to the servants' hall and the carriage-board. The masters have done with it;—the rapier apart, it has been imposed upon our footmen. This is true as far as form is concerned; in the bright and dazzling choice of colors, the rich and costly materials, the elaborate and elaborate embroidery, the English gentleman is compelled to wear a ruder at the court of his sovereign, when, if he were to appear elsewhere, it would constitute a very sound link in the chain of evidence which would consign him to a lunatic asylum? Nothing can be more ridiculous than the aspect of a poor unfortunate individual who is compelled to wear this ludicrous appendage twice or three a year, but who never wears it save on compulsion. Englishmen don't carry arms now-a-days, save at seasons of alarm about burglaries and garrotte robberies, and then they carry a revolver. Our courtiers, on the other hand, carry armor. Our Club men do not carry swords by their sides when they run in to see the evening papers; why should a plain country gentleman be forced to carry arms, even though they be but arms of ceremony, when he presents himself at court?

Our readers know from many anecdotes, that it is very difficult for an American in London, to tell which is the footman and which the Lord; and they will not wonder at it, when they read the admission in the above that the court dress "has just drifted down to the servants' hall and the carriage-board." If John Bull were not so tenacious as respects old customs, he would see in this fact alone a sufficient reason for an immediate casting off of the court dress. But give him time, give him time, and the wisdom of a change will gradually creep into his slow but sure noddle.

MURDER STALKS in the midst of the community here, and outrages of every character are perpetrated daily. At night time, the streets are almost deserted, and those who go abroad go always armed with knife or revolver.

So says a letter from Washington,—and our readers will perceive, by consulting our Congressional news, that the truthfulness of this sad picture of the condition of affairs in our national capital is fully sustained by the evidence of grave Senators and Representatives. Mr. Seward terms it "a reign of terror"—while one of the members of the House says that the average of murders is three in two days! Washington seems to be disputing for precedence in crime with New York, while our own city lags not very far behind. The bill which has passed both Houses of Congress, will, we trust, inaugurate a better condition of things in Washington. Such lawlessness there is a national disgrace.

ECONOMICAL LIVING.—"Duty's Radical Reformer," published at Janesville, Wisconsin, in commenting upon a recent article in THE POST, on "Simple Living," says:

As to the question whether a couple can live upon \$1,500 a year, we do not recognize it as a debatable question. \$1,500 a year, indeed! I think it should be asked, how long would a squander that sum in less than five years on clothes, victuals and drink. Ourselves, wife and baby live on less than two dollars a week for eatables, the well and cistern furnish our drink without any additional preparation or expense whatever, and our clothing, fuel and all other expenses, aside from the provisions do not exceed three dollars a week the year round. We can lay up money out of three hundred dollars a year. If we had millions to spend, we could not be induced to change our diet, except in the one particular of using fruit more plentifully. Neither would our clothing bill be very materially enlarged; but wouldn't we have an Eden-like home! Bowers, honey-suckles, groves, birds, fountains, flowers, arbors—these are the things for our money!

A STEAM LINE TO EUROPE.—Efforts are being made in this city to establish a steamship line to Europe. If such a line is established, should not the vessels be Iron Propellers—and new vessels, instead of old and probably half-worn-out ones. We have very little experience in running steamships, we grant—but, in other enterprises, half-way measures generally are certain indications of failure. The superior economy, in several important respects, of Iron Propellers, appears to be regarded as an established fact now in England. Should not Philadelphia therefore act in accordance with the dearly-bought wisdom of others, instead of buying wisdom at an expensive price herself. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 157—Adults 55, and children 102.

THE BANKS.—The Bill to prohibit the issue of bank notes of a less denomination than twenty dollars, has been defeated in the Senate of this State, by a vote of 17 yeas to 15 yeas. The majority were evidently favorable to the five-dollar issues. It appears very unlikely, at present, that any changes will be made in the Banking System. That it needs reform is doubtless true—but between the extreme demands of some, and the great influence of the Banks, all restrictions probably will be defeated.

New Publications.

ANDROMEDA, AND OTHER POEMS, by CHAS. KINGSLEY, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) is the title of a volume of verse from the hand of one of the truest and bravest of English men—the same hand that wrote "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," "Amays Leigh" and "The Saint's Tragedy." The reader who remembers the distinctive character of Kingsley's genius may be surprised to find so little of the usual moral purpose and intense earnestness in the principal poem. "Andromeda" is simply an exquisite version of the old Greek story of the fair maiden's deliverance by Perseus from the sea monster. Yet, as Bacon tells us, "even a great man's recreations convey to the clear-sighted an honorable idea of the source from whence they spring," and even amidst the sensuous and pictorial Greek beauty of Kingsley's poem, sounding out from its rich, full-voiced Homeric music, the reader hears the deeper undertone of such strains as these:

"Dear unto me, no less than to thee, is the weak look of heros;  
"Dear who can worthily win him a wife not unworthy; and noble,  
"Pure with the pure to beget brave children,  
The like of their father.  
"Happy who thus stands linked to the heroes who were, and who shall be;  
"Girdled with holiest awe, not sparing of self; for his mother  
"Watches his steps with the eyes of the gods; and his wife and his children  
"Move him to plan and to do in the farm and the camp and the council.  
"Thence comes wealth to a nation: but woe upon woe when a people  
"Mingle in love at their will, like the brutes, not heeding the future."

The poem, it will be seen, is cast in hexameters, and is a remarkable success in that most difficult verse. The movement is stately and measured, the accents in nearly all instances fully defined and preserved, and the lines full of soft, sonorous melody. Our Saxon sense of rhythm and number instinctively shrinks from the hexameter, but it must be conceded that it was a happy thought to select it in this instance as the vehicle of a purely classic subject. Of the other poems in this volume, the most noticeable are the muscular and manly "Ode to the North-east Wind," already copied into our columns; and "Saint Maura," a monologue of Christian martyrdom, surcharged with vivid dramatic power and solemn pathos. "A New Forest Ballad" has the true ring of the Percy Reiques, and the vision of nature in the poem entitled "Palinod," glides vast and cool, in twilight beauty, through the imagination. The other poems are mostly fragments, such as run in the head to old tunes—sounds and tones—perhaps a merry ragadoon, lifting along in rough music, or something that sings in the brain with drowsing sweetness—perhaps some stern, martial strain, fit for the marches of Puritans;—or some simple ditty—here a resonant sonnet, clear-sounding like blows upon a shield, and dying away in soft melody—or some high thought's trumpet-note, brave and brief—or perchance an antique ballad, sombre with peasant hate, or tender with peasant love and sorrow.

THE HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AS TRACED IN THE WRITINGS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, AND OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES, by JOHN C. HAMILTON, (D. Appleton & Co., New York, T. B. Peterson, Phila.) is now in its second volume. The first volume, as our readers may remember, met with a rather sour reception. The author claimed a number of the public papers signed by and usually attributed to Washington, as the composition of Alexander Hamilton. The critics called this "sacrilege," and denounced the author. In the preface to this volume, the author retorts with great dignity and success—showing that he only followed indisputable external and internal evidence in his statements regarding the public papers of the Commander-in-Chief. Washington himself has formally denied that he was the author of these papers—they "were first drawn by his Secretary and his Aide-de-Camp," he tells the President of the Congress of the Confederation. All the author has done, then, is to indicate, by various evidence, the particular secretary, and aid by whom some of them were drawn. Then comes the judgment of the venerable Timothy Pickens, one of the most honored names in our history, awarding the palm of the composition of these papers to Hamilton, together with statements to the same effect by Generals Castellus, Schuyler, Greene, and La Fayette. In addition to this, we have the internal evidence, derived from an examination of the literary style of the papers, which is formed in accordance with the rules of rhetorical art, and is noticeable for certain amenities and graces of diction, natural to the style of an elegant belle-lettre scholar like Hamilton, and strongly contrasted with the style of Washington, whose education was that of a country gentleman, and whose composition is characterized by simplicity, dignity, directness, and perspicuity, and not by any rhetorical effects whatever. Besides, we have such evidence as may result from the consideration that Washington, being a busy man, working actively and constantly in a large field of multifarious operations, could hardly have found time to write the immense mass of matter which bears his official signature. This is in brief, the outline of Mr. John C. Hamilton's case, which, if it did not have for its basis the first fact mentioned—Washington's own disclaimer of the authorship—would still be a strong case. The critics seem to us to have shown a silly sensitiveness in this matter—to say nothing of their plentiful lack of premises. Washington

and Hamilton were the Orates and Pylades—the David and Jonathan—of our young nationality. Together they sat in council, shaping our destinies—together they labored for the common weal. To exalt the one is not to degrade the other. To ascertain the nature and extent of Hamilton's genius and service, is to do no injustice to Washington. The author's attempt to trace the seams of the mosaic, and show which was the work of one and which of the other, is biographically proper, and not improper in any other way. Surely we shall not in any way lessen our debt of gratitude to Washington, by ascertaining definitely what we owe to Hamilton!

ADELE, by JULIA KAVANAGH, (D. Appleton, New York, T. B. Peterson, Phila.) is a pleasing novel by the well known author of "Nathalie"—that favorite of so many ladies. Miss Kavanagh's novels remind us of paintings—paintings done in soft rainbow colors, after the manner of Yanlio. "Adele" is full of these delicately-drawn, softly tinted, and gay poetic pictures, and its characters are marked by a similar delicacy of drawing and peach-bloom coloring. Occasionally we have a graphic sketch more like a veritable study from nature, such as Capitaine Joseph or Mrs. Osborne. But the story is not made up merely of character-painting. It has a good stirring plot, with a turbid course of true love which runs smooth at last, after swamping the schemes of a wicked step-mother, and the interesting novel ends, as so many interesting novels end, in domestic felicity and terrestrial paradise!

AN ELEMENTARY GERMAN READER, by the REV. L. B. HEYDENREICH, (D. Appleton, New York, T. B. Peterson, Phila.) is commended highly by various eminent professors of the German language in our universities, and is of undoubted value to young students.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The concluding portion of the letter of our Paris correspondent last week was unavoidably omitted. It is as follows:—]

As I came again in sight of the cottage, I suddenly remembered the illness of its mistress, and would fain have entered to learn how she was, but that I feared lest the appearance of a stranger might be unwelcome at such a time. I was moving softly away, when two figures emerged from the cottage, and proceeded slowly down the garden to the gate, at which I now saw that a rough, shaggy pony was standing. One of the two I at once recognized as my friend the Curé; the other, from a certain professional air, due in part to his seedy black coat, I concluded to be the Doctor. Nor was I mistaken. They walked slowly down the garden, seemingly in earnest conversation; and as I approached them I was struck with the ominous seriousness expressed in their faces.

Quickening my pace, I reached the gate just as they passed through it; the venerable priest saluting me with his habitual kindness.

"I fear, Monsieur le Curé," I remarked, as I returned his salutation, "that the news from the cottage is not altogether satisfactory."

"Very far from it," returned the Curé, with a sorrowful shake of the head; "our good friend here, Dr. Doineau," he added, turning to his companion—a short, energetic-looking person, with a shrewd but not unpleasant countenance, who favored me with a very polite bow, "considers Madame Lirieux's case as being an exceedingly serious one."

"So much so," remarked the doctor, "that should there be no improvement in the course of the evening, I shall send an express to a medical brother in a neighboring village, and get him here without delay, that we may decide together on the course to be pursued. I shall see poor Marie again in the course of the evening, Monsieur le Curé, and will call in at the presbytery on my way back, to let you know how I find her," added the doctor, as he mounted his nag, and lifting his hat to us, proceeded down the hill at a rapid trot that soon took him out of our sight.

"This illness, which would have been a great sorrow to us at any time," remarked M. Le Pelletier, as we slowly made our way down the hill, is particularly unfortunate just now; for, as I dare say, is *ma mère Gaudet* already told you, good old Simon and his wife will complete their sixtieth year of married life in the course of a few days, and the event was to have been kept as a festival by the whole village."

"The Lirieux seem to be much beloved by their neighbors," I remarked, "la *maître Gaudet* is in great distress at the wife's illness."

"Should this illness terminate as I fear, from the doctor's forebodings, it is but too probable that it may do, the event would be a home-sorrow to every inhabitant of the valley," rejoined the Curé. "As for its effect on the Lirieux themselves, I confess I hardly dare to think of it; for her husband dotes on her to that degree that I almost doubt whether even his affection for his children would suffice to hold him to life if he lost her; and with regard to the old parents, who are just as fond of her in their own way, and who lean upon her with most affectionate dependence, it is hardly to be hoped that, at their age—for Simon, though still hale and brisk, is over ninety, and Théniette, though a year or two younger, has become very infirm and helpless of late—they would be able to bear up under such a blow. But we must leave the issue of this illness in the hands of Him whose wisdom is not as ours, assured that all things are by him ordained for the best."

As the venerable ecclesiastic pronounced these words with an unconscious intonation of sorrow and anxiety that contrasted forcibly with the reverent submission they expressed, we found ourselves at the foot of the mountain, and having re-crossed the rude bridge, which was now lying in the deep shadow of the hills, we took our leave of each other, the kind-hearted old Curé proceeding, with slow and somewhat heavy step towards the presbytery, while I made my way up the side of the valley to la *maître Gaudet's* cottage.

On entering the cottage, my worthy hostess—who was busy preparing my dinner—received me with a subdued and melancholy welcome very different from her former smiles and vivacity. But la *maître Gaudet* was not a woman to nurse a sorrow in silence, and she had to sooner set before me the piece of dried goat's flesh stewed

with garlic, which formed the staple of my repast, and which, in spite of her regretful mood, she evidently regarded as a triumphant proof of her abilities and her good fortune in the Commissariat line, than her disquietude found vent in words.

"She had been to the Lirieux's cottage to offer any services in her power, but had found half the women of the valley assembled there from the same motive, and the Doctor and the Curé had begged them all to go home, quiet being essential to the sick woman, and their aid not being wanted, seeing that a cousin of Jean's had come from the next valley to look after the house and the children, assisted by a good peasant-girl who had lived for several years at the cottage. Marie's baby was now the least of the Lirieux's troubles, since it had taken so kindly to *Ma'mezelle Jeannette*; but what would become of Jean and the old folks if Marie were taken? To be sure, old Simon was bearing up wonderfully, for the sake of the others, though not enough at heart; but poor old Théniette just sat still in her chair like one dazed, and Jean had not stirred from his wife's bedside since she was taken ill, and would hardly let the nurse touch her, but insisted on doing everything for her himself. And what a cloud it would be over the whole valley, if Marie Lirieux was called away, as they all believed she would be!"

Such was the burden of Mother Gaudet's lamentations, which grew deeper and deeper daily, as the poor peasant woman grew constantly worse. For a high fever had followed the chill caught in the dairy, and after three days and nights of raving delirium, the patient had sunk into a lethargy that the doctor regarded as being but too probably the precursor of dissolution.

I had been down every day to the gray old presbytery, for the sake of having authentic news of the sick woman. It was a rude dwelling, standing beside the old church, with a row of tall poplars before the door; and so simple and primitive were its interior arrangements, that, but for its store of books ranged on shelves filling three sides of the apartment, and a tolerably fair copy of a "Descent from the Cross," by Mabuse, above the fireplace, the good Curé's sitting room could hardly have boasted any great superiority over its neighbors.

A staid old housekeeper, who had been in M. Le Pelletier's service for above forty years, appeared to have the entire management of his domestic arrangements, and regarded her benevolent master with an affectionate reverence, bordering on adoration.

The good old man would answer my inquiries with a sorrowful shake of the head, looking less and less hopeful every day.

The conclusion of my narrative is reserved for my next letter.

QUANTUM.

THE usual spring frosts have swollen to an unusual degree, the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers completely overflowing many valuable cotton plantations, and submerging the town of Napoleon.

STRIKE AT THE CAMBRIA IRON WORKS.—Considerable difficulty now exists between the Cambria Iron Company and their employees. The miners and puddlers have refused to continue work, unless the reduction of twenty per cent, imposed by the Company last fall, be countermanded, and the payment of cash be again adopted. The Company refuse to accede to the demands of their employees.—*Johnstown Echo.*

RUSSIA AND FRANCE.—The *Kladderdatch*, or Berlin *Punch*, has a picture in which the French Emperor is represented sulkingly sitting in the midst of gloomy darkness. Night, it is obvious, has fallen upon France. Advancing toward Napoleon III. is Alexander II., the Russian Emperor. He bears in his hand a knout, and offers it to the ruler of France. "Take it," says he, "I have no further need of it; but perhaps it will be useful to you."

THE Grand Jury have indicted Mr. Thomas Allibone and Mr. Thomas A. Newhall, on the charge of a conspiracy to defraud the stockholders of the Bank of Pennsylvania. Mr. Charles McKean entered bail for the former, and Mr. John Welsh for the latter. The suit is prosecuted by foreign holders of a bill of exchange bought of Newhall by Allibone, and which proved worthless.

THE Utah War.—The House has agreed to the Senate amendment, reducing the volunteer force from five to three regiments. So that question may at last be considered at rest. Gen. Persifer Smith will immediately start to assume the command of the movement against Utah. It is proposed to reinforce Johnson's present command about six thousand, including two regiments of volunteers, just ordered. Ten regiments have already been offered to the War Department, from as many States, and the selection must be determined with reference to efficiency, and the peculiar service, as well as the date of application.

THE COMING SUMMER.—It is said that the Earl of Rose, one of the first aristocrats in Europe, has told a gentleman in England that he anticipates one of the most intensely hot summers this year that has ever been known, and he advises farmers to build sheds for their cattle, by way of protection against the extreme heat.

A WELL known dry goods firm gives out to-day that they will organize a daily prayer meeting in their store on Monday. Business men and the trade generally are invited to attend. This looks like an attempt to convert the revival movement into a regular advertising dodge; but nevertheless it must be, and I trust it is, all right.—*N. Y. Correspondent.*

THE TEMPERATURE FOR MARCH.—The mean temperature for March, as ascertained by the thermometer at the Hospital, was 39.4 degrees, which is 1.4 degrees below the average of the preceding thirty-two years, but 1.4 of a degree warmer than March, 1857. The amount of rain was only 1.08 inch, unusually dry for March.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

ACCORDING to the European journals, the grippé, or influenza, has been very fatal in Italy, Germany and France.

NEWSPAPERS A WIDOW'S RIGHT.—A Vermont Judge of Probate has incorporated it as a part of the law of his court, that the administrator of an estate must allow the widow the cost of a newspaper, she making her own selection, from the common fund. The common law of America now recognizes the newspaper as a family and individual necessity. It is classed with pigs and potatoes, cassimere and calico, a thing to be exempted—like the family Bible—never to suffer from rapacious creditors, never to be parted with in the direst poverty.

THE FLOOD IN THE MISSISSIPPI.—NEW ORLEANS, April 10.—The rise in the Mississippi river is very heavy, and in some places higher than has ever been known before. The towns of Napoleon and Prentiss are both inundated and the whole country on both sides of the river from Napoleon to Lake Providence is submerged, and immense damage done to the plantations. Fears are entertained here of a crevasse in the levees, but precautions have been taken to prevent it if possible. The river is still rising.



balance in doors now. Then Thomas—but it's of no use. A stranger with these details. He's playing Old Nick over us, sir, and nothing less. It was a fatal night for us that took Mr. Charles."

"You would have been better off under him, you think?"

"Think!" indignantly cried the farmer. "I'd give the half of what I have saved, for the sake of myself and those around me, if Mr. Charles was aquire now," he added, in a burst of generosity. "We have never called this one squire, not a man on the estate."

"Did Mr. Charles owe much in this neighborhood when he died?"

"Nothing at all."

"Does he owe you nothing?"

"Me!" echoed Farmer Lee. "Not he! I had sent some money to him just before it happened, and I did fear there was something wrong about that; in short, I thought it was lost; but it was returned to me afterwards, all safe."

"Do you know," said the stranger, after a pause of consideration, "it appears to me that you assume too easily the fact of Charles Dalrymple's death. He may be alive. His body was never found, you say."

This hypothesis was instantly attacked by Farmer Lee and Reuben. If Mr. Charles was alive, where could he be? where could he have disappeared to, and where could he have stopped? No, no—he was dead beyond all doubt.

"I must still maintain my opinion—that there is no certainty about it. Indeed, I think the chances are that he is alive."

"Then perhaps you'll enjoy your opinion in private," cried Farmer Lee. "For to talk in that senseless manner only makes us feel the fact of his death more sharply."

"What if I tell you I met him abroad since the period you mention as having been that of his death?" continued the stranger.

There was a dead pause. Reuben breathed heavily.

"Oh, don't tamper with us!" he cried out.

"If my dear young master's alive, let me know it. Perhaps he is alive; perhaps he's near us; perhaps he came down with you to-night!"

The stranger unwound a shawl-handkerchief, in which his voice and chin had been muffled, raised his hat from his brows, and advanced from under the shade cast by the stable wall, into the moonlight.

"Reuben! John Lee! do I look anything like him?"

Farmer Lee and Charles Dalrymple had to support the old man. His knees bent, his strength went from him, and they thought he would have fainted; the joy of recognizing his young master, raised—as it indeed seemed—from a six years' grave, was too much for him. Tears partially relieved him, and he sobbed like a child.

"But it's magic," uttered the farmer, when he had wrung Charles's hand as if he would wring it off, "it's nothing less! Dead, yet alive!"

"I never was dead," smiled Charles. "The night when I found myself irretrievably ruined, a rogue as well as a madman—"

"Hold there, sir," sobbed Reuben, "a rogue you never were."

"I was, Reuben. Lee, ruined myself, I staked that night at the gaming table the money I held of yours; staked it and lost it. When I wandered down to Westminster bridge afterwards, and hung over it, the thought was in my heart to take the leap into the river, and into futurity, as my uncle had done before me. A young man, who came past, pulled me back, and indignantly asked what I meant by hanging there. To that circumstance I believe I owe my preservation."

"Your hat was found in the Thames and brought back to me next day," interrupted poor, bewildered, happy Reuben.

"It blew off into the river; it was one of the windiest nights I ever was out in, save at sea," answered Charles. "In the morning I pledged my watch and ring, both valuable, disguised myself in rough clothes, and went to Liverpool, and on board a packet bound for America—There I have been honest for my money, as a clerk; and my cousin's death, which I saw in the papers, has brought me back."

"Ay, you are the heir to Dalrymple now, Mr. Charles; and poor Sir Charles is on his last legs, we hear," cried Mr. Lee. "Did you know it, sir?"

"I know, perhaps, more than you do," returned Charles. "I come from Dalrymple now. I went straight there on my arrival."

"But how could you be alive all this while, and never tell us, Mr. Charles?" pleaded Reuben. "It was cruel, sir."

"Reuben, I literally dared not. I dreaded the consequences of my fraud—the money I had used of yours, Lee. The fear of being prosecuted as a criminal was always upon me. I had just saved up enough to replace that, when I learnt my cousin's death, and that I was consequently the heir to Dalrymple. I know that fact would enable me to make arrangements for my other debts, and I came to England."

"Mr. Lee! Mr. Lee!" suddenly cried the excited Reuben, "he is your landlord now, not that screw that has been acting it, and you won't get turned out. I never thought of that."

"I have been thinking of nothing else," said the farmer, innocently. "You'll not turn me out, Mr. Charles?"

"No, that I will not," laughed Charles, "and those who are already out shall go back again. But I fear I shall be obliged to turn somebody out of the Grange."

How was the news to be conveyed to Mrs. Dalrymple? Reuben said he should break down if he attempted it, and do more harm than good. Farmer Lee hit upon the brightest scheme; that Isabel Lynn should be taken into their confidence, and that she should break it to Mrs. Dalrymple.

So they fetched out Isabel, and certainly managed to startle and confuse her. Farmer Lee opened the conference by telling her, with an uncomfortably mysterious air, that a dead man was come to life again, who was asking to see her, and Isabel's thoughts flew to a poor laborer, who had died, really died, that morning in the neighborhood. When she was hopelessly and thoroughly mystified, Charles emerged from his hiding-place behind the stables, and they introduced him as Mr. Charles Dalrymple.

Just returned from abroad, which did not tend to mend matters; at least, until her shock of startled surprise was over.

She undertook the difficult task of preparing his mother and sister, and Charles gave her his arm to accompany her by a circuitous path to the front entrance. Never had she accepted any arm with feelings so strange; one moment in a whirlpool of happiness, the next believing she must be walking familiarly with a resuscitated ghost.

"Isabel," he said, "this is more than I deserve."

"Your coming back?"

"Not that. My coming back to find you."

"Did you think I should be dead, as you were?"

"Something worse than dead. Married. I have found you, have I not," he murmured—"found you for my own?"

"Charles! When you know you formally gave me up, as soon as you came into the Grange?"

"Ay, in one of my hot-headed impulses; because I vowed a vow to my father that my mother should remain mistress of the Grange, and I could not see my way clear to keep her there and marry you. It was that, the loving you, which drove me to recklessness. Oh, Isabel, I have bought experience dearly! To find you Isabel Lynn is indeed more than I deserve. I have never forgotten you; I have loved you dearly up to this, my return; let it be again with us, as of old; you promised then to be my wife; promise it now."

She burst into tears; her feelings were too highly strung, her joy too great, to retain composure longer; and she turned and leaned her head upon him for support, he bending fondly over her to catch her whisper:

"Yes, Charles, if you so will it."

They were in danger of forgetting Isabel's task, but she soon quitted him and entered the house. Mrs. Dalrymple and Selina were alone in the oak parlor, frightened and trembling, whilst the master of the Grange, the ostensible master, stood cold and unbending in the great hall, his refractory dependents hemming him in and setting forth their wrongs, to which he turned worse than a deaf ear.

Not very long did Charles Dalrymple wait. He saw his mother and sister emerge from the house, Isabel urging them on and talking eagerly, probably assuring them that her marvellous news was no fable. Next Charles was clasped in his mother's arms, and in a few minutes Mr. Lee and Reuben came up; a happier group has rarely assembled under the night stars.

"Ho there! make way!" And they drew aside as six mounted police dashed up the avenue, who, quitting their horses, entered the house.

"What will be the end of this riot?" uttered Selina Dalrymple, clasping her hands.

"Perhaps the better way to end it will be for me to show myself," said Charles.

"Yes, yes," eagerly acquiesced Farmer Lee; "let us go in, all in a body. Mr. Charles, I wish we had a good painter here to take down the looks when you discover yourself."

"Selina," whispered her brother, "I cannot help displacing Oscar from the Grange. I am sorry, for your sake, but—"

"I am glad," interrupted Selina—"so glad! If you know, Charles, how miserable and ashamed Oscar's rule has made me, you would know that I speak truth in saying I shall rejoice to see him supplanted at the Grange."

"But I was going to say, my dear, that a good income shall be secured to you, under your control, so that there shall be no more pinching in your household."

"How have you heard about the pinching?"

"I have heard many things at Dalrymple. I went there first."

The constables were standing in the hall, ready to act, whilst the men urged that they had done nothing to be took up for; they had only come to speak to Mr. Dalrymple, and they didn't know as there was no law again that.

"You break the law when you use threats to a man in his own house."

"We haven't used no threats; we want an answer from Mr. Dalrymple; whether he's a going to force us to lodge under the wind and rain, or whether he'll find us roofs to put our bodies in, in place of them he have destroyed. He told us to go to the workus; but he knows that if we go there we lose all chance of getting our living, and shall never have a home for our families again."

"I can no longer make room for you on my ground, either as tenants or laborers," haughtily spoke up Oscar. "You may take yourselves entirely away, if you don't like the work-house."

"We won't say anything about marcy," savagely cried Dyke, "but is there justice? Hands off, Mr. Constable, I'm a doing nothing yet."

"Yes, there is justice," interrupted a voice, which thrilled through the very marrow of Oscar Dalrymple, as Charles advanced, and took his place by the side of the Honorable Mr. Cleveland, who started back in positive fright.

"Oscar, you know me, I see; gentlemen, some of you know me; I am Charles Dalrymple, and have returned to claim my own."

Was it a spectre from the grave? Many of them looked as if they feared so; and Oscar Dalrymple's impossible face was moved now to a face of rage and horror, as he was gradually backed against the wall behind him.

"I find you have all thought me dead," proceeded Charles, whilst Mr. Cleveland seized upon him, and signs of awaking recognition and delight arose on various countenances.

"But I am not dead, and I never have been; I have simply been abroad. I got into debt and difficulties, my friends, and was afraid to stay in my own country, but now that the difficulties are over, I have come amongst you again."

The faces would have been a group for a David Wilkie; pity, as Farmer Lee said, that one was not there.

"Of course the Grange has been mine throughout," went on Charles, "and my brother-in-law has not been the legal owner; consequently, whatever acts he may have ordered, performed or sanctioned, relating to the estate, are null and void."

"He's the squire!" burst forth the room; "our own young squire's come home again, and our troubles are over! Good luck to the ship that brought him!"

Charles laughed, and turned to his poor dependents.

"Yes, your troubles are over. I hear that there has been dissatisfaction; and, perhaps, oppression. I can only say, that I will set everything to rights; those tenants who have received a notice to quit may burn it, and those who have been actually driven forth shall be reinstated."

"But, dear good young master," called out Dyke, in a desponding voice, "the roots be all off ourn, and the walls pretty well levelled with the ground."

"I will build them up again for you, Dyke, stronger than ever," said Charles, heartily; "here's my hand upon it. Constables, I think you'd be best to wait here."

Not only Dyke, but the whole multitude, as massed, pressed forward to clasp Charles Dalrymple's hands; and so hard and earnest were the pressures, that Charles was almost tempted to cry for quarter.

"I do not believe it is Charles Dalrymple," burst forth Oscar, in his mortification and rage. "Who is to convince me that it is not an impostor?"

"I can certify that it is really Charles Dalrymple," said Mr. Cleveland, with a suppressed smile; "he is not so changed as to render recognition uncertain. There's no mistaking his handsome face."

"I can certify that it is my dear lost son," added Mrs. Dalrymple, through her tears.

"And I and Mr. Lee can swear to it," cried Reuben. "I wish we were all as sure of heaven."

"Oscar, you know me well enough," said Charles. "Let us be friends. I have not come home to sow discord, but peace and good will. I cannot permit you to continue here at the Grange, for my mother must come back again, and be mistress in her old home. Unless she would like you and Selina to remain with her, her guests; but whether so or not, an income shall be secured to Selina, sufficient to assure you and her a better home than you have kept up lately."

Clouds came over the sea of faces. Was their young squire not a going to live at the Grange himself? Was he about to leave them again? Was he not a going to be their landlord?

"Oh, yes, he answered, 'I am your landlord now and from henceforth. And I hope to be very often at the Grange; I dare say my mother will tell me and you, the more often the better. But my chief residence it cannot be. On my landing in England, I hastened to Dalrymple; and arrived but in time to be recognized and legally acknowledged, before its master's eyes were closed on this world. I am Sir Charles Dalrymple."

Some drew back in humility, some rushed forward to renew the hand-shaking, but it ended with a shout, that made the old hall ring, of Long live to Sir Charles Dalrymple.

"I can over here between the death and the burial," continued Sir Charles, "and I must return to Dalrymple to-morrow for the funeral. But I trust this short visit has been productive of some good—that it has served to give happiness to hearts where anger and despair were rife. Oscar, once more I say, let us be friends: you shall always find me one."

Oscar Dalrymple could not refuse to take the hand held out to him; but his face was sullen still.

"And now I think that is all for to-night," said Sir Charles, turning his radiant smile on the motley company. "When I return from Dalrymple, the old Grange shall hold a good justification, and I hope you will all come to it."

They filed out, conscious that the family must want to be alone.

"Miss Isabel," whispered Farmer Lee, with a great broad smile on his face, as he was retreating in his turn, "you must not be too proud to come to our house now, though I can see who will soon be my Lady Dalrymple."

Isabel pushed him away with a laugh and a blush.

But Reuben had stolen up to his master with an anxious, troubled face.

"Mr. Charles," he breathed, forgetting the new title, "you have quite left off the—the play! You will not take it again?"

"Never, Reuben," was the grave, hushed answer. "That night, when you all thought fatal to me, and which was so near being so, as I stood on the bridge, looking down on the dark water, I took a solemn oath that I would never again touch a card, or any other incentive to gambling. I never shall."

"God be praised for that!" uttered Reuben. "For that, and for all," reverently answered Charles. "If I have not cause to praise Him, who can have?"

Thus the Grange passed away from one who had shown himself so unfitted to hold it; and sunshine was restored under the genial reign of Sir Charles Dalrymple. (THE END.)

Now—Mr. Emerson, in his lecture on "Works and Days," said many things worthy to be repeated a thousand times. Among the numerous striking passages that lodge in our memory, is the following: The days are God's best gifts to man, but, like many other gifts, pass by unheeded and unappreciated. We ask a friend, What are you doing now? and are answered, I have been doing thus and so, and am going to commence some other work soon, but just now I am not doing anything. And yet we complain that we have no time. An Indian Chief of the Six Nations once said a wiser thing than any philosopher. A white man remarked in his hearing that he had not time enough. Well, replied Red Jacket, gruffly, I suppose you have all there is! He is the wisest and best man who can crowd the most good actions into none.

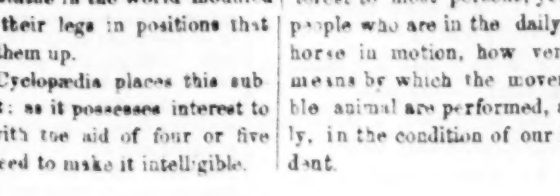
BELLS AND AGE.—A fiddle improves by age and use; a piano does not, neither does a bell. There is, perhaps, a slight improvement for the first few years, but afterwards the quality deteriorates. Metal, we know, is altered by repeated and long continued hammering. Thump a piece of iron, and you change the quality of its magnetism, the shock of the waves modifies the magnetism of an iron ship; and some of the music is knocked out of a bell by long-continued use of the clapper.

## LOCOMOTION OF THE HORSE.

The editor of that excellent periodical, the Horticulturalist, having been appealed to to settle a dispute as to the manner a horse moves his feet and legs, says:

Distinguished anatomists and philosophers, no less than the unlearned, have fallen into gross mistakes upon this subject, in consequence of trusting to theoretical opinion rather than to the evidence of observed facts. There is more than one statue in the world mounted upon horses with their legs in positions that would never keep them up.

A late English Cyclopædia places this subject in its true light: as it possesses interest to all our readers, with the aid of four or five wood cuts we proceed to make it intelligible.



LOCOMOTION OF HORSES.

Let us suppose the horse to be "standing on its four legs (as in Fig. 4), and that it commences the walking step by moving its left hind leg (as in Fig. 1); this having been advanced and placed on the ground, the right fore leg is next raised and advanced (as in Fig. 2), and having been placed on the ground, the right hind leg performs a similar movement, and the legs of the animal are in the position Fig. 3.

Lastly, the left fore leg is advanced, and placed in the position of Fig. 4. These four movements complete the step, and during the series, the centre of gravity of the animal passes over a corresponding space. This is the order in which nearly all quadrupeds move their legs in slow walking; but some authors do not coincide in this statement, among whom is Borelli, who has figured the horse as moving both the legs on the same side at once in walking, as some horses are taught to do in the amble, and as the giraffe is known to do naturally.

A little consideration will clear up the error into which Borelli and others have fallen, respecting the horse. It will be observed, from the foregoing statement, that the left hind leg moves first, the right fore leg second, the right hind leg third, and the left fore leg fourth. Now, if we do not analyze this order of motion from its commencement, we may be easily deceived; for, in walking by a horse, the two legs appear indeed to move together on the same side; but this arises from the continuity of the series of movements, which we find begins with the left hind leg, and terminates with the left fore leg, the movement of the right fore leg being in like manner followed by that of the right hind leg, which continuity of movement, if not carefully discriminated, gives an impression that the animal moves both legs on the same side simultaneously.

The Trot.—In trotting, the horse moves its legs in pairs, diagonally. Thus, if the legs a d (Fig. 5) be raised, and advanced first, the legs b e will be raised the instant those designated by a d reach the ground. On the other hand, when the legs b e are raised before the legs a d reach the ground, there is a short interval, during which all the legs are raised above the ground at the same time. In trotting, each leg moves rather more frequently, in the same period of time, than in walking, or nearly as 6 to 5; but the velocity required by moving the legs in pairs instead of consecutively, depends on the circumstance that, in trotting, each leg rests on the ground a short time, and swings during a long one. In walking, the trunk oscillates laterally, whereas, in trotting, it oscillates

vertically; but in each of these kinds of movement there appears to be a slight motion of the trunk of the animal both laterally and vertically. It may be observed that the vertical line traversing the base of support, passes through the horse in such a manner as to leave by far the greater part of the weight of the body to be supported by the two fore legs.

The Gallop.—In galloping, the horse adopts three different methods of using its organs of locomotion, which are distinguished by the number and the order in which the feet reach the ground.

First Order of Motion.—If the four legs reach the ground in succession, the left hind foot reaches the ground first, the right hind foot second, the left fore foot third, the right fore foot fourth. This is the gallop of four beats, sometimes denominated the canter. This order of movement is not adapted for great speed, but is an agreeable motion in riding on horseback for ladies, or for gentlemen who ride lazily or badly.

Third Order of Motion.—In this kind of action, the horse moves the legs in the same order as in trotting; that is, the left hind and right fore feet reach the ground simultaneously, then the right hind and left fore feet. This is the order in which the feet move in racing, and whenever the greatest speed is required. It is called the gallop of two beats.

Leaping.—In leaping, the horse raises the fore legs from the ground, and projects the body upwards and forwards by the hind legs alone. It is well known that they leap rivulets, hedges and ditches with great ease, even under the burden of heavy riders; but, to accomplish this, an enormous expenditure of muscular action must be required, since the muscles which produce the effect act at a great mechanical disadvantage.

Horses which are constituted for great speed, have the shoulder joints directed at a considerable angle with the arm. Saintsbill has given the relative proportions of the several parts of the skeleton of the celebrated race-horse, "Eclipse," together with the angles of inclination and range of motion belonging to the joints and legs. According to his account, that horse, when galloping at liberty, and at its greatest speed, passed over twenty-five feet at each step—these strides were taken two and a half times in a second, being the rate of about four miles in six minutes and two seconds, or forty miles in an hour and twenty seconds.

The subject has puzzled very wise heads, and will interest all those who love a fine horse.

HOW GARTERS SHOULD BE WORN.—The Prince Frederick William has been made chevalier of the noble order of the Garter. The order is worn on the left leg below the knee, which proves as a judicious historian has remarked, that in the day of the beautiful Countess of Salisbury, the English women had the habit of wearing the garter below the knee—a question which merits examination and inquiry. We ask if it be possible that one can destroy the proportions of a well shaped leg by gartering the stocking below the knee? Look at the statue of a Venus, and in thought draw a band or an elastic under the knee—would not the result be a deformity? But place the band above the knee, and the harmony of the lines is not disturbed—it becomes an ornament.

The women of Athens and Rome, who were famed for their taste and skill in dress and knowledge of artistic beauty, wore the garter above the knee. But not to occupy ourselves with them, let us see how long it has been thus worn with us. We have an authority in this matter—the Duke de Saint Simon. If he does not prove the garter to have been worn above the knee before the reign of the great King, he establishes, at least, this fact—that the elegant and fashionable women of the time wore it thus; for in his memoirs alluding to a Mlle. de Brenille, whose inelegant manners caused much ridicule and gossip, he says, in his language then so popular, "She was one of those common, vulgar persons who garter below the knee." Apropos of garters—at a ball given last week by the Marquis d'Arion, a garter of exquisite workmanship was picked up in one of the salons. It was of silk, embroidered with gold and pearls, and the clasp was formed by a double star of diamonds and opals. The Count de E., the fortunate finder, wears it on his arm, and is in search of its mate.—Boston Transcript.

To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.—Coleridge.

## REFLECTIONS OF A DEAD BODY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

SCENE.—A female sitting by a bed-side, anxiously looking at the face of her husband, just dead. The soul within the dead body soliloquizes.

"What change is this! What joy! What depth of rest! What suddenness of withdrawal from all pain! Into all bliss? Into a calm so perfect I do not even smile! I tried but now. With that breath's end, to speak to the dear face That watches me—and lo! all in an instant, Instead of toil, and a weak, wailing tear, I am all peace, all happiness, all power. Laid on some throne in space. Great God! I am dead!"

"(A pause.) Dear God! Thy love is perfect; Thy truth known. (Another.) And He—and they! How simple and strange! How beautiful! But I may whisper it not—even to thought: Lost strong imagination, hearing it, Speak, and the world be shattered."

"(Soul again pauses.) O balm! O bliss! O saturating smile! Unsmiling! O doubt ended! certainty Begun! O will, faultless, yet all indulged, Encouraged to be willful—to delay Even its wings for heaven; and thus to rest Here, here, even here—twixt heaven and earth awhile, A bed in the morn of endless happiness."

"I feel warm drops falling upon my face: They reach me through the rupture of this cold. My wife! my love!—tis for the best thou canst not know how I know thee weeping, and how fond A kiss meets thee in these unweaving lips. Ah! truly was my love what thou didst hope it. And more, and so was thine—I read it all—And our small fears were but impatientities At seeing the dear truth ill understood. Poor sweet! thou blamest now thyself, and heapest Memory on memory of imagined wrong. As I should have done too—as all who love; And yet I cannot pity thee: so well I knew the end, and how thou'lt smile hereafter. She speaks my name at last, as though she feared!"

The terrible, familiar sound; and sinks In sob upon my bosom. Hold me fast, Hold me fast, sweet, and from the extreme grow calm—Me, cruelly unmoved, and yet how loving!"

"How wrong I was to quarrel with poor James! And how dear FRANCIS mistake me! That pride, How without ground it was! Those arguments, Which I supposed so final, oh how foolish! Yet gentler Death will not permit rebuke. Even of one's self. They'll know all, as I know, When they lie thus."

Colder I grow, and happier. Warmness and sense are drawing to a point, Ere they depart; myself quitting myself. The soul gathers its wings upon the edge Of the new world, yet how assuredly! Oh! how in balm I change! actively willed, Yet passive, quiet; and feeling opposites mingle In exquisite peace! These fleshly clothes, Which late I thought myself, no more and more Apart from this warm, sweet, retreating me, Who am as a hand, withdrawing from a glove."

"So lay my mother: so my father; so My children; yet I pitied them. I wept, And fancied them in graves, and called them 'poor!'"

"O graves! O tears! O knowledge, will, and time, And fear, and hope! What petty terms of earth Were ye! yet how I love ye as of earth. The planet's household words; and how postpone, Till out of these dear arms, th' immortal Tongue of the all-possessing smile eternal! Ah! not excluding these, nor ought that's past, Yet as that's present, nor that's yet to come, Well waited for. I would not stir a finger Out of this rest, to measure all anguish. Such warrant hath it; such divine conjuncture; Such a charm binds it with the needs of bliss."

"That was my eldest boy—that kiss. And that The baby with its little unweaving mouth; And those—and those—Dear hearts! they have all come, And think me dead—me, who so know I'm living, The vital creature in this fleshy room. I part; and with my spirit's eyes long opened, Will look upon them."

(Spirit parts from the body, and breathes upon their eyes.) "Patient be those tears, Fresh heart-dews, standing on these dear clay-moulds Of souls made of myself—made of us both In the half-heavenly time. I quit ye but To meet again, and will revisit soon In many a dream, and many a gentle sigh."

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF THE DECAY OF OLD FAMILIES.—A curious inquiry has been made concerning the decay of some great European families, and the result is both ridiculous and sublime. A Duchess de Saint Simon is a femme de ménage at Belleville! The history of her decay is most wonderful. The heir of the last Doge of Venice is a perfumer at Saint Denis. The keys of Venice, gilt with care, confined to the hereditary keeping of the family, repose beneath a glass shade on the mantel-piece in his back shop. The Capital de Buch—a unique title—one of the noblest in France, is a little actor, on little wages, at the little theatre of Beaumarchais; and the grand-daughter of a Duchess de San Severino works by the day at a fashionable milliner's. We may add to the above, that the sole descendant of the beautiful Alais, who was asked in marriage by the Prince de Conti, earns a pitiful living at Chailloit!

ADVICE.—It is a maxim of prudence that when you advise a man to do something which is for your own interest as well as for his, you should put your own motives for advising him, full in view, with all the weight that belongs to it. If you conceal the interest which you have in the matter, and he should afterwards discover it, he will be resolutely deaf even to that part of the argument which fairly does concern himself. If the same man had endeavored to persuade his blind friend that it was pure charity which induced him to lend the use of his eyes, you may be certain that he never would have been carried home, though it was the other's interest to carry him.—Arthur Helps.

Sheridan said, beautifully, "Women govern us: let us render them perfect: the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of their minds depends the wisdom of men."

## MY FIFTIETH BIRTH-DAY.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I used to think, when I, a child,  
Played with the pebbles on the shore  
Of the clear river, rippling wild,  
That rolled before my father's door,  
How long, how very long 'twould be  
Ere I could live out fifty years;  
To think of it oft checked my glee,  
And filled my childish heart with fears.

I looked at grandma as she sat,  
Her forehead decked with silvery ring,  
And thought, "When I'm as old as that,  
Must I darn stockings all the time?  
Must I sit in an arm-chair so,  
A white frilled cap around my face,  
With dull drab strings, and ne'er a bow,  
And keep things always in their place?"

The lines of care, the sigh of pain,  
The "Hush!" her lips so oft let fall,  
Made me wish, o'er and o'er again,  
I never might grow old at all.  
Yet she was ever cheerful, and  
Would oft times join our sport and mirth;  
And many a play by her was planned  
Around the winter evening hearth.

But then she played not by the brook,  
She did not gather pretty flowers,  
Nor make a spring-time of the hours.  
So, when she said, one sunny morn,  
"You will be old, like me, some day,"  
I wept like one of hope forlorn,  
And threw my playthings all away.

Be old! like grandma, and not roam  
The glen in spring, for violets blue,  
Or bring the bright May blossoms home,  
Or pick the strawberries 'mong the dew!  
Be old! and in the summer time  
Take weary naps in mid-day hours,  
And feel the Chandler trees to climb,  
And shake the ripening fruit in showers!

Be old! and have no nutting-bees  
Upon the hillside, rustling brown,  
Or hang upon the vine-clad trees,  
And about the rich ripe clusters down!  
Be old! and sit round wintry fires!  
Be fifty! have no sliding-springs!  
And hush! all wild desires!  
I thought 'twere better not to be.

But two score years have glided by,  
With summer's heat and winter's cold,  
With sunny hours and clouded sky,  
Till now I'm fifty—now I'm old!  
The sun-burnt cheeks are silvery now,  
That used to dangle in the wind;  
And eyes are dim, and feet move slow,  
That left my playmates all behind.

Spectacles lie upon my nose,  
But no white frill looks prim and cold;  
My gray hair curls—I wear pink bows—  
I do not feel so very old.  
To play among the pebbles, I  
Would love, on that familiar shore,  
Where once I watched the swallows fly,  
The dancing, rippling waters o'er.

I'd like to climb the apple tree,  
Where once the spicy sweetening grew,  
Make grape-vine swings, and have a glee;  
But I am fifty—'twouldn't do.  
I'd like to go a nutting now,  
And gather violets in the glen—  
And breathe the wild flowers round my brow,  
As well as e'er I did at ten.

I'd like to slide upon the pond,  
To watch the old mill struggling there  
In icy chains, while all beyond  
Was one broad mirror, cold and glare.  
I'd like to see the noisy school,  
Let out a-nooning, as of old,  
Play "Lost my glove," and "Mind the rule,"  
My heart throbs quick—it is not cold.

I hear the cry of Kate and Jane,  
Of Lottie, Lina, Helen, Sue—  
Ah, yes! (I'll own it) in between  
Come George, and Dan, and William, too.  
I'm fifty, but I am not old;  
I see no gloom in ripening years;  
My hopes are bright, my spirit glad—  
How vain were all my childish fears!

My childish sports, I loved them then;  
I love to think them over still;  
To shut my eyes, and dream again  
Of silvery streams and woodland hill.  
But life has pleasures holier still  
Than childhood's play, with all its rest,  
That, as we journey down the hill,  
Make each succeeding year the best.

Now stalwart men are at my hearth,  
And "bonnie lasses" laughing free,  
That had not lived on this good earth,  
To love and labor, but for me;  
And shall I pine for childhood's joys,  
For woodland walks and violets blue,  
While round me merry girls and boys  
Are doing what I used to do?

My days of toil, my years of care,  
Have never chilled my spirit's flow,  
Or made one flower of life less fair  
Than in the spring-time, long ago.  
The paths I've trod were sometimes rough,  
And sharp and piercing to my feet;  
Yet there were daisied walks enough  
To make it all seem smooth and sweet.

Friends that I loved have passed from sight  
Before me to the spirit home;  
But in the day that knows no night,  
I know they'll greet me when I come.  
Hopes that I've cherished, too, were vain;  
But I have lived to feel and know  
That there is life to live o'er again,  
'Twere better that it should be so.

At every winding of the way,  
I've sought for love, and love have given;  
For love can cheer the darkest day,  
And make the poorest home a heaven.

Oh! ye who are passing down, like me,  
Life's autumn side, be brave and strong,  
And teach the lips that you have seen  
That fifty years is not so long;  
That if they would be ever young  
And free from dolorous pain and care,  
The life-harp must be ever strung  
With love of duty, everywhere.

As violins in foreign lands,  
Broken and shattered o'er and o'er,  
When mended and in skillful hands,  
Make sweeter music than before,  
So oft the heart, by sorrow torn,  
Gives forth a loftier, clearer song  
Than that which greeted us at morn,  
When it was new, and brave, and strong.

Father, I thank thee for them all,  
These fifty years which now are passed;  
Oh! guide me, guard me, till the pall  
Of death my form shall hide at last.  
Let me in love and kindness still  
Live on, nor e'er grow hard and cold;  
Bend me and break me to Thy will,  
But may my spirit ne'er grow old!

—Missouri Democrat.

## RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

On arriving at Mr. —'s farm I was domiciled with the storekeeper, overseer, and an engineer. After some days I understood that the first two were convicts still under sentence. Up to this period I had not exactly calculated to associate with convicts; but when assured by the engineer, who was a free native of the colony, that it was customary on all the large farms to make no distinction between convicts in the superior situations and free persons, and that I might travel the country from end to end and find no difference, I thought no more about the matter.

The estate was one of a class almost universal in the portion adjacent to Sydney. In the first years of the colony—perhaps not less than from thirty to forty—no expectation existed of a mere palatial settlement at the antipodes ever becoming a place of importance. The great value of the land and timber after the lapse of a few years was not foreseen. When, therefore, many of the civil and military officers who had, from protracted residence, come to feel the desirability of not exchanging in old age its delightful climate for that of foggy Britain, determined on remaining, grants of land were readily conceded them without payment. So far the matter was well enough;—but the prodigality of these early grants is beyond all vindication. Thousands of acres were granted for a single homestead. Thus nearly all the valuable land within fifty miles of the capital was alienated without securing a population. The families of these great grantees still retain their titles; and except on the roadsides or in the towns, this region of country is still comparatively a wilderness. Some of these great landlords indeed sell and leave small spots; and among them are also interspersed a few small grantees. Still the general character of this part of Australia is so described. Plenty of these great landlords can ride for hours along their side lines without reaching the spot they set out from. They in fact constitute, and will for ages constitute an aristocracy as real, and as overwhelming in wealth and influence, as that which existed in the old monarchies of Europe. Even by the period when I emigrated thither, society had lost its original form of classification. It was no longer divided into the free and the bond; but into this arrogant class on the one hand, and all beneath them on the other. In their eyes the convict and the free emigrant of humble standing constituted but one class. On this principle they made their farm arrangements; on this principle they had the laws made. They who imagine that Australia at some not very distant period may become a republic like the United States, know nothing about the real constitution of society there. It may become a republican oligarchy, a commonwealth of aristocrats, overriding the masses with a tyranny more rampant, insolent, and inexorable than that of kings, a second edition of patrician and plebeian Rome; but no more.

I heard, but now forget the extent of my employer's estate. I recollect, however, that the word "thousands," in the description of it, stood coupled with some handsome digit before the word "acres." Meantime, he was not a man individually to be grudging his good fortune. He was accounted by far the most clement of the magistrates of the neighborhood—was just, and even generous in his dealings—had been a gallant officer in his day. He had perhaps twelve or fifteen free emigrants in his employ on that farm—for, like all these Australian grantees, he had a whole catalogue of them in various quarters further up the country—and beside these free emigrants, there were close on fifty convicts. Even the various kinds of common arts and other work needed for the estate was done on it. There was a smith, a tailor, a shoemaker, a harness-maker, a tanner, a woolsorter, a weaver, a butcher, and various others of like order, all convicts. All this class of farm expenses was unknown up to this period to the Australian grantees, except to the small extent of the ration and clothing of the convict tradesmen; for very small it must have been where the materials, both of food and apparel, were produced on the spot, as well as the manufacture performed there.

My occupation of teaching two young boys was by no means a disagreeable one in itself to me. The storekeeper was a well educated man, and had been regularly trained as a chemist—I have already said that he was a convict, and he was still under sentence. After the information given me respecting the custom of the country, under which I found myself rated with a couple of felons, I should have thought no more of it. But not so the man himself: he found a gratification in bringing his equality under my notice as frequently and insultingly as possible. Had I been able then to view human life and human character with the sentiments I have now, I should have felt sorry for him, rather than indignant and disdainful. As it was, I at length, and after considerable patience, resented his conduct. When he found that the thing could not go on just as it was, but that he must either go a step backward or a step forward, he selected the latter, and carried his complaint to the employer. I never knew what his representations were, for the first time that gentleman met me afterwards, he inquired whether I was quarrelling with the storekeeper. I said at once, yes. Without any further explanation, he said, very curtly, that the man was become an important servant to him, and if he had to part with one of us, it must be myself. Of course, to me at that time, this was enough. Here again was a fresh consequence of my secluded rearing. An ordinary boy—one bred amidst the scenes of actual life—would have immediately brought forward the facts of the case; but though these facts were all on my own side, and though it was a moral certainty that the man had grossly falsified them, and though the proof of the true state of the case was amply ready, I never thought of taking such a course. It was a remark of a modern sage, which ought never to be lost sight of in the education of a boy—as, indeed, what remark of his was not an important one!—that only habitual converse with mankind is to be depended upon for endowing a man with readiness and aptness in the use of the powers of his understanding. I wrote a receipt for my wages and left.

At a tavern a few miles distant, where I stopped that night, a clerk was wanted. The owner, originally a convict, after a desperate course of rebellion during the continuance of his sentence, during which he was flogged in the most severe manner again and again, had, on becoming his own master, reversed his course of proceeding, and taken himself so heartily to industry and thrift as to accumulate considerable property, and to become the owner of a couple of very profitable mills beside his tavern. It was the accounts of these mills, which he had been endeavoring to keep himself till they were in a condition of hopeless perplexity, that he wanted me to undertake. I stayed a few days and made the attempt; but found I was not competent to the undertaking. Here was the same mischief repeating itself. Abstract numbers I knew well enough. But when I came to need to use them in the current business of life, I found myself perplexed and altogether impotent.

I gave up the task with a feeling that I was a man come on the arena of life utterly and radically damaged; for I began to see distinctly enough the nature of the evil. I saw that my whole body of knowledge was non-practical; that whilst, in a sense, I knew everything, I could do nothing. I had none to advise me of the proper remedy. What else could I do than yield to my own impression? That impression was this—"Faint not, sink not here, go on; let all you know be as nothing to you; forget even that you can read; go whether the current carries you; do what the exigency of the hour demands, so far as you can; and what you cannot do, endeavor to learn to do; be above nothing; above no man; enter the world like an infant, anew." This resolve as well soon been seen, led me into some grievous predicaments. But it was, I am inclined to believe, the master key of my difficulty. It made my mind as essentially practical as it was originally the reverse of practical. It did more. It made me rigidly truthful; and that, in my present estimation, is worth all and far more than all the cost incurred. It may be also that this was the great result which the far-seeing God, ever my friend even when I know Him not, desired to bring about. And at all events it was a better direction to take than that of some of my own standing, who had walked Sydney streets till they were obliged to button their coats up to the cravat; and then walked on a few days longer, and hung, or drowned, or shot themselves. Mere clerical acquirements were at this period in no request in the colony as possessed by free young men. Convict clerks were to be obtained on application to the Prisoner's Barracks by the dozen; and employers generally preferred them; because they could do as they pleased with them, and could give them whatever wages they chose.

Singular as it may seem, amidst all this perplexity and calamity, I had a conviction that it was no necessity of my being, but a disturbance of its essential tendencies; something which could and would be remedied eventually. I had an impression that there was a science of human life, and appertaining to it some very simple system of principles which steadily acted out, would, in the world all that the well cultivated — desire. I could not discern the principles, but I felt sure there were such. The study of so many subjects had yielded, if no more, at least an embryo of opinion, that nothing could be named that had not its laws. But if so, then human life had. Were I asked now to expound the Art of Life, I should say it consisted in three main particulars—Having objects at once rational, good, and definite;—using as much as possible means whose operation is fully understood and their effects certain;—persevering in full confidence, unwavering, undismayed by all adverse events and appearances till success is attained. And it is so. These are the three great laws of our earthly life as free moral agents.

But some, allowing this to be so, and remarking the utter ignorance of these laws in which we come upon our present stage of existence; and the length of time it takes for the discovery of them; and the near approach we must make to our exit from the scene of our earthly life before we can perceive its laws by the processes of natural reason; may feel inclined to found upon the facts collectively, a denouement disputing the goodness of God, or at least the ceaselessness of His benevolent care for us. To me the matter presents itself under a far different aspect. It seems to me that in God's revealed system of truth, the three things named are precisely those which He is placing the most prominently before us, in a mode far more interesting, more attractive, more generally appreciable than in the dry dialectic form. Cast these three particulars into the form of axioms, and say whether they do not constitute a correct generalization of the teachings of Holy Writ. But how immeasurably inferior in potency! How mean the most ambitious effort of dialectics beside the plain tale of the Divine volume. When God's own Book, full as it is of tenderness and majesty, affects men so rarely and so little, what a sanguine man must he be who could expect a human version of it, divested of all that melts and all that awes the heart of man, diminished moreover into a mere synopsis, to do any great wonders, or indeed anything at all. So much for the case of those who have the Bible. As for those who have not, they could do nothing with the axioms. They cannot use the very first of them. They may teach the rational, they may comprehend what is definite, but how are they, without the revelation of God, to decide what is good? So that for them to know the whole substance of the Art of Life, this particular exception, would be to be in no wise

aided in their progress toward the endless existence. But on the contrary, the knowledge would increase the evil of their present condition a thousand fold. Forming their own erroneous estimate of morals, the very truth and soundness of their own principles would only stimulate them to a more calumnious pertinacity—a more unsuspecting confidence in a retrograde course. Is it not in fact self-evident, that if anything is to be done for man beyond what the mute providence of God is ever doing for him—by scenes and events and inward influences leading to just views of his own nature and the character of his Maker—that further thing must be done by the "glad tidings" of that train of yet more grand events, and the more imposing scenes by which He completed the revelations of his Own Will and His creature's duty?

In a long course of years, I have obtained somewhat coherent and systematic ideas of how I ought to have acted at the early period of life. But had I at that period been instructed in the very form supposed, I do not believe it would have helped me in the slightest. For I was not in a state of feeling and disposition to accept God's "good" as my "good." The great point of all, I was incredulous about. It was that which I needed to be taught, that I was not solicitous to be taught. "What is Truth?" said Pilate; and the very cause and embodiment of truth, the "I AM," Truth itself, standing before him! And when he had said this, he went out—did not even wait for an answer.

From the tavern where I have described myself staying for a while, I could see the setting sun go down behind a range of lofty mountains. These, I was told, were the Blue Mountains, and that beyond them lay the Bathurst country. At their base, on the side next to us, wound a large river, periodically overflowing its banks and enriching the flats on either side, by still new deposits every year. But the mountain track of country was too broken for the farmer. Here and there some stockholder had found a cluster of small luxuriant valleys, full of springs and park-like glades and natural lawns; and there, tending his herds alone, he oftentimes saw no form and heard no voice of man beside his own for months together; unless when some wandering, barefooted savage trod silently and suddenly into his door, or when the wild shouts of the teamsters, urging their long teams of eight and ten oxen along the far-off road on the mountain's side, attracted his attention. Beyond this tract of country, however, there lay Bathurst Plains, and the town of Bathurst. A region of extensive plains and plentiful waters, it was already well settled. Thither I determined to go. A short distance forward there was, I was told, a separation of the road into two ways: the one, the main, well-travelled road, cut through on the shortest line the surveyors could find, often through places which at first sight seemed impassable, and where, indeed, only the immense force of convict labor which the government had at its disposal could ever have overcome the obstacles; the other, for the most part only a bridle road, little travelled, and exceedingly solitary. I preferred the latter.

The river crossed, the division of the road reached, I struck off to my right toward the Curryjong range. First came a long ridge, the road winding along its summit gradually upward; then a whole landscape of great round steep-sided hills, which human industry had already disencumbered of their forests, and laid bare to the sun; burning out the stumps, as is much the custom in Australia, where even the green timber is highly combustible. The remnants of forest interspersed here and there, showed that the timber had been a magnificent growth. Settlers' homesteads stood plentifully over the hilly and picturesque surface, which was now loaded with rich crops of grain, swaying to and fro beneath the summer breeze. It was a scene of perfect rural prosperity. And yet, but a few years before, all these people, the children excepted, had been in jails and hulks. Little farms had been granted them in this out-of-the-way part of the country, and they were now orderly members of society—a pregnant hint to those whose study is penal discipline.

By-and-by, having passed the summit of this group of hills and descended to lower land, I came to what I had been told would be the last but I should meet with for many miles. Here one companionless old man kept a herd of cattle, seven or eight hundred strong, belonging to some resident of one of the towns. There was a clearing of about fifteen acres in an oblong square, fenced with the usual straight post and rail fence, and exhibiting a fine crop of Indian corn. Plenty of the stalks stood ten and twelve feet high. The road ran along one of the narrow ends of the clearing, which it left at the traveller's right. Along the junction line of the two ran the front of the little hut, with the door in the middle. It was of split slabs, placed on end, and nailed at top to a wall plate. The roof was formed of sheets of bark, each about the size of a large door, and beautifully flat, laid on small poles crossing the rafters; the whole surmounted by a few saddle sheets of still larger dimensions. At one end was a capacious chimney, also of split slabs, from which I could see before I reached it, a faint smoke curling up into the yet warm afternoon air. The door was closed, but according to Australian custom in the woods, I opened it and went in. A couple of berths, affixed to the further side of the hut, indicated that it was sometimes necessary even here to provide for a visitor. An idea of the genial and healthy climate may be formed, when I say that the rugged edges of the split slabs in many places did not meet by a couple of inches, and yet nothing further was done to them in winter. They stood open just in the same way all the year through; just thus they constituted the inner side of the banks in all weathers.

The sun was setting when the old stockman rode up to his hut. So much by himself, it was a pleasant surprise to him to find a traveller there before him. In Australia very few chew tobacco, but almost every male living in the woods smokes. The stockman's first act after dismounting was to light his short pipe, even before unsaddling his horse; and his first after turning the horse off into the

bush, to put down two quart pots of water for tea before the fire on the hearth, which I had already supplied with logs. Presently on went the frying pan, well filled with the real of a fat calf, killed a day or two before. Cattle are so plentiful in Australia that only the very best are slaughtered; and at these stock-stations especially a fastidiousness in the article of meat prevails which could not be exceeded by the most wealthy bon vivant of a capital city. I asked him how he came to kill so young an animal. He said: "Plenty more than I can keep on the run." Scores of them get away into the mountains, and go wild—My run, take it one part with another, is about twenty miles across. But I can't get the master to make a second station, and draft off some of the cattle to it. He says there's not enough steak yet to pay. So, as I tell him, he loses three times what he thinks he saves by the cattle going wild. There are hundreds of wild cattle in the gullies between here and Bathurst.

After supper I inquired about the road. He said: "I doubt if you can find it, but you can try. Faint heart never won fair lady. I've been through once; but I couldn't have got through if I had not known the face of the country so well. It's all rocks and gullies; and if you once get off the road only a hundred yards, look out; it's all up with you. Even an old hand in the country wouldn't stand any chance. About a couple of years ago I found the bones of two poor fellows that had most likely bolted from one of the iron-gangs on the other road. They were laying within a rod of one another just on the edge of a little open spot where it's swampy except in very dry times. The iron gangs were still round the leg-bones of one of the skeletons; but the other fellow it seemed had managed to get his off. I could not see any sign of them. Their clothing was all scattered about in rags; so, no doubt the warregals had found them out. Well, it was better than staying in one of them iron-gangs."

I said: "The darkest day, Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

"Ha!" he replied, "you free emigrants know very little about a prisoner's hardships. If you were to see what goes forward in a square of iron-gang huts sometimes, you'd think as we do. Why I've seen men flogged when I first came to the country, and was working for Government on that new road, to half-minute time. There was a soldier officer in charge of the gang; and all three overseers were convicts themselves. But instead of having any pity for us, they were the worst sort of overcoats going. If a man only straightened his back whilst he was at work, there was fifty for him. Every night the list was given in to the commandant, and next morning by day-break it was—All hands muster in two ranks round the square. Then when we had stood there half-an-hour or so wondering which of us was going to get his allowance that morning, out would come the commandant, and the game would go on. Half-minute time by the watch. A hundred lashes spun out to close on an hour. Most times there was as many to flog as took three hours; and then they'd send us in to breakfast."

I had already met with so many witnesses of atrocious facts of this sort and even worse, that I need not doubt them, or wonder at the convicts feeling reckless and desperate. At that time I only wondered that things should be as they were. Now I no longer wonder. I see the reason. I know that British Penal Discipline will be a failure so long as the British Constitution continues what it is. The leading management of it, from the first conception of the statutes down to the more authoritative supervision of their execution, is in the hands of those who have no acquaintance with the mind of the humbler ranks, by which in the main the felony of civilized countries is produced.

When I was starting off in the morning, the old man, after giving me full directions to Bathurst, which was about forty miles distant, returned to the subject of the skeletons he had found. "Those poor fellows," he said, "got bewildered, there's no doubt, at the turn of the creek they came down. The head of it is close to where the huts of the gang stood at that time; and they ran it down right enough till they came to where the creek forks into two branches, and took one of the branches. But when these branches meet again they come together just like the top strokes of a T; and then strike off together at an angle. So, I think, there being no water in the creek at the time, and no fall of the ground that you can take notice of, they couldn't believe the short turn was the main creek, but kept going right on, down one arm and up the other, and back to the fork, and so round and round till they got too weak to travel—for it wouldn't take an iron-gang man long to come to that—and so gave up and died. Now you mind you don't get off the marked-tree line, for if you do, it's all up with you."

At first the path was broad and well-beaten; but as it ran further and further into the wilderness from the point of concentration of the herd, it became narrower and more faint; so that long before I had penetrated twenty miles into the tangled brakes, covering summit and hollow alike, I had several times been unable to discriminate between the main trail and a diverging cattle track. Recourse, however, to the marked trees directed me to a correct selection. The soil was of a richness that I never saw exceeded, and the vegetation corresponded. Not a level acre presented itself. It seemed as if the surface had been in some far back era torn up by the outburst of a nest of volcanoes; and all animals being driven away by the appalling desolation, vegetative power had gone on to establish itself—a sort of silent and sublime Presence. Hills and ravines, gullies and rocks;—and nothing besides save the world of woods that shrouded every foot of surface from the rays of the sun, and, but for the murmurs of the rushing rills, still as the depths of catacombs. The ground was dark and slippery, and the air all shadow and chill. Often for rods around did the slender and graceful musk tree extend its

\* Run—a tract of pasture. Thus, "a sheep run," "a cattle run."  
† Warregals. Aboriginal name for bush dogs.

fragrance. Streams clear as crystal rushed rapidly along over beds of large rounded stones or of whitest sand. And thus it was, mile after mile; hour after hour.

I at length found myself without any guidance whatsoever. The trail had disappeared, and the marked trees had either been cut down by fire, or were originally marked at too great distances. At the last sure spot, I hung a red handkerchief on a shrub, and putting down my bundle beside it, made a wide sweep round; so wide indeed that I was near losing my signal flag. But all in vain. I could neither find marked trees, nor strike the trail beyond that spot. Vexed as I was, after a delay of nearly an hour, I was obliged to retrace my steps. I got back to the well-beaten part of the track before the day had altogether disappeared. But it was not till the broad, bright, peerless Australian moon shone in fullest lustre from a sky without a cloud, and almost without a star, that I gained once more the old stockman's hut. I have seen the moon in many latitudes and longitudes, but I never saw it comparable in the most remote degree to what it is in Australia on some nights in summer and autumn. Its effulgence is such that stars of the first magnitude in its immediate vicinity are barely distinguishable, and the whole host of lesser stars fades right out.

After spending the greater part of the night in cogitation, and in consideration of the fact that I now possessed funds sufficient to keep me for some time, I determined to try Sydney once again. A fresh impulse was come to sweep away the plan of the day before.

In returning, I stopped one night at the tavern already mentioned. The owner, an awfully pressed man to stay with him. Much away from his home, buying grain for his mills to supply his contracts with the Commissariat Department; he wanted some energetic person of the male sex at home. But I did not consent. The old convict's parting words are worth recording. They have often run in my ears since; and I doubt not, contributed in no mean degree to form my present character in one of the minor points:—

"You had best stay with me. I've seen too much trouble myself to be hard with other people. And it is a foolish thing to throw away dirty water before we have got clean. If you knew of some good berth that you could get, I should not blame you. But even if you had, you might find it turn out worse in the end than staying with me. 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.'"

True; poor old world racked man; most true. You were a sound counsellor, and now I know it. And yet perhaps, and indeed most probably, if I had stayed with you I should never have become a Christian man. You counselled well; but the Great Invisible was there also, and He knew better. Be that as it may, your counsel as to this world's business was sage. Those who throw away or risk the humble certainty to obtain some certainty more alluring, are essentially gamblers. Everything that can be predicated of the ordinary money-gambler can be predicated of them. And the gambler's fortune will be their portion in the end.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE TURKISH BATH.

As there has been much talk lately about Turkish baths, and whether it is possible or desirable to bring them into common use in this country, and as we know that there are most erroneous notions prevalent with respect to their cost and comfort, a short account of a visit to one recently constructed at South Preston Cottage, North Shields, may possess some public interest. On a fine, clear, cold, rather frosty night, just as the moon was rising above the trees, robed in the bath dress, a loose flowing cape reaching to the knees, we were conducted by our host from the vinery (with its saunas open) into the outer bath apartment, where, seated upon low stools, with the thermometer at 85 degrees, we were soon in a most genial glow. Thus prepared, we entered the inner apartment. Seating ourselves a Turk, on a low wooden bench; we waited in profound silence the moment when all our skin impurities should "melt, thaw, and resolve themselves into a dew." Soon a copious shower of perspiration ran from every pore. Our attendant commenced a brisk friction with hands and feet over the whole surface of the body, and produced a result that we confess we were not prepared for. Accustomed to daily use of the ordinary warm and cold baths, and the constant use of "flesh-gloves," we fancied that we had left little to be removed; but, under the skillful hands of our manipulator, we were soon divested of a rough coat of dead epidermis, that must have been a terrible obstacle to the delicate process of respiration, which nature intends to go on constantly over the whole surface of the body. Next we were rubbed from head to foot with soap, followed by a delicate stream of warm water poured over us, which produced a delightful glow of invigoration such as we have rarely experienced before. A sense of purity over the whole body, and a deep calm as of settled peace, fell upon us with all the freshness of a new birth. Next a breasting stream of cold water, and we stepped again into the first apartment. When the body had been rubbed perfectly dry, we were conducted into the vinery, where, reclining on a couch, every muscle in repose, we were exposed to a current of cold air, with the loins only girded. Yet, as we imbibed a cup of fragrant coffee, there was no feeling of chill; but one of perfect health and renewed energy vibrated through the body; while through the mind, sympathizing as ever with her earthly dwelling, passed rapid visions of all that was pleasant in the past or hopeful in the future; and we left the dwelling of our modern civilization as auxiliaries to health, art to be compared to this English version of the Turkish bath.—English Periodical.

THE COURT DRESS.—Receiving a sudden command from royalty to dine at Osborne, with only a few hours' notice, he was going down in a drab waistcoat, not of the newest; but was stopped by a remonstrance on the necessity of a court dress. He had no other waistcoat, but suddenly recollecting that his valet, a foreigner, was a dandy, he exclaimed, "Oh, I dare say Nicholas has a fine waistcoat; I'll borrow it." And so he did.—Life of Sir C. Napier.

## CONGRESSIONAL.

BILL TO PROTECT LIFE AND PROPERTY  
IN WASHINGTON.THE HOUSE ADHERES TO THE  
CRITTENDEN AMENDMENT.DEFICIENCY BILL DEFEATED AND  
THEN PASSED.

## SIDELL'S SPEECH.

## SENATE.

On the 5th, Mr. Bright, of Indiana, moved that the President be requested to send to the Senate a copy of the instructions to our Commissioner to China, William B. Reed. Agreed to.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, brought up his Police Bill for the better protection of the lives and property of the citizens of Washington. The bill provides for a patrol of a hundred men, and other stringent regulations.

The accompanying Report of the Committee on the District of Columbia expressed in the strongest terms the state of bloodshed and riot which prevails in the city, and throws on Congress the responsibility of maintaining order.

A discussion ensued, in which Mr. Seward described it as a "reign of terror."

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, said that every one knows that no man's life is safe in the city, even to the most public street, Pennsylvania Avenue. We must provide a reform, or we will drive the community to a worse alternative, which no one can regard without shuddering.

Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, attributed a part of the rowdiness to the bad example of men in very high places, and partly to the incompetency of the Judges.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, said he would vote for the bill, but he commented severely on the condition of affairs, and said this state of things is the legitimate fruit of the action of Judge Crawford. Two years since, when a man was murdered by a member of the House of Representatives.

The debate on the bill was continued for four hours. At one time the discussion assumed a party tendency, but every speaker, without exception, conceded that Washington was, at present, unsafe for either life or property.

Mr. Crittenden moved that the appointments be moved in the Chief Judge of the District Court.

Mr. Wilson moved to strike out section 5, which gives the President power to call out two hundred extra men on an emergency.

After a discussion the amendment was finally withdrawn by Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Fessenden, of Louisiana, subsequently reversed the amendment, and it was voted on and lost.

Afterwards Mr. Stuart renewed the amendment, and it was carried, and the clause was stricken out—yeas 24, nays 21.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, moved that the bill be sent back to the Committee, with instructions to report at the earliest opportunity, whether the District shall be retroceded to Maryland, Congress reserving the public buildings.

Mr. Hale moved to amend by striking out the reservation of the public buildings. Both the amendment and the motion were lost.

Mr. Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill for the admission of Oregon into the Union. Adjourned.

On the 6th, Mr. Sidell, of Louisiana, said that he had filed with the Secretary, on Friday last, a written declaration that he intended to reconsider his vote disavowing the amendments of the House to the Kansas Bill, which yesterday and to-day he renewed verbally without taking action, and claimed his right to keep back the bill for three days for that purpose.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, moved to enforce the order of the Senate, no single Senator having the power to thus obstruct the public business.

Mr. Sidell referred to the rule and insisted on his right.

Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, explained the custom in such cases, expressing the opinion that it must be left to the discretion of the officer.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, would not recognize it as right, whatever it may be as a matter of course.

Much skillful parliamentary fencing ensued, in which Messrs. Bright, of Indiana, Crittenden, of Kentucky, and Seward, of New York, expressed their views in favor of and against the interpretation of the rule in the manual, under which Mr. Sidell claimed, not as a courtesy, but as a right, a retention of the non-concurrence in the Kansas Bill as amended by the House, to reconsider his vote.

The preceding officer, Mr. Fitzpatrick, assumed the responsibility of a decision in favor of the right.

Mr. Crittenden and other Senators testified that they had never known a previous instance. Finally, the matter was laid on the table without action, which answered the purpose of the mover and the friends of the Administration.

The bill for the admission of Minnesota came up by special order.

Previous to its discussion, Mr. Fitch read an extract from the Washington Globe, confirming the words exchanged between himself and Mr. Douglas yesterday, implying a lack of candor in Mr. Douglas with regard to Minnesota.

Mr. Douglas warmly replied, asserting his zeal in the cause of Minnesota.

In the discussion of this matter of trifling import fact contradictions were interchanged.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, confirmed the remarks of Mr. Douglas, and the subject was dropped.

Mr. Kennedy, of Maryland, explained that he would vote against the bill because the Constitution was decidedly at variance with the Constitution of the United States, and diametrically opposed to the principles of the party he represents. He contended that alien suffrage and squatter sovereignty must be repudiated, and made, altogether, a strong Kentucky speech.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, replied, arguing the right of the States to fix the qualifications of their own voters, independent of Federal naturalization. Adjourned.

On the 7th, after some unimportant business, a lengthy discussion ensued on the Committee on Printing's adverse report against printing the eulogies delivered in the United States Senate on the recently deceased Senators, Bell, Butler and Root.

Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, said, on behalf of the Committee, that all picture books will be rejected in the future. From \$30,000 to \$40,000 had already been saved by the Committee from economy in this department.

Finally, Mr. Houston's motion to print was agreed to.

The bill to admit Minnesota into the Union was then taken up.

The amendments were concurred in, and the bill was read the third time.

Mr. Wilson, of Mass., called for the yeas and nays.

Previous to the calling of the roll, Messrs. Bell, of Tennessee, Houston, Brown, Johnson, of Tennessee, Crittenden, of Kentucky, Stuart, of Michigan, and Wilson, made brief remarks on the clause of the Constitution permitting an alien to vote.

On the final vote that the bill pass, the yeas were 43 and nays 3, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bates, Bell, Biggs, Bright, Broderick, Brown, Cameron, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Crittenden, Dixon, Douglas,

Doallie, Durkee, Evans, Fitch, Fitzpatrick, Foster, Green, Gwin, Hale, Hamlin, Hammond, Harlan, Houston, Hunter, Jones, Johnson, Ar., Johnson, Tenn., King, Mallory, Mason, Polk, Pugh, Sebastian, Sewar, Sumner, Sill, Stuart, Sumner, Thompson, N. J., Toombs, Trumbull, Wade, Wilson, and Wright—43.

Nays—Messrs. Clay, Kennedy and Yule—3. Absentees—Messrs. Bayard, Benjamin, Davis, Fessenden, Pool, Henderson, Iveson, Pearce, Reid, Thompson, Ky.—10.

The Senate then went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 8th, a discursive debate took place on the expense attending the printing of picture books, in connection with exploring expeditions, Lieutenant May's being especially under discussion.

The discussion was terminated by Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, moving to amend the bill approved August 1852, and setting aside the day next for its discussion, saying that if the amended bill is passed, it will put a stop to the abuses so justly complained of.

Mr. Gwin, of California, reported a bill for the conveyance of the mails, troops and stores, from the Missouri river to California by railroad, and recapitulated the provisions of each section, urging immediate action. He quoted the statistics of the various routes, adding that the contractors would locate the route between the termini.

Mr. Broderick, of California, agreed with his colleague, urging immediate action. He said that if the thirty-second parallel was selected, it would cost more to build the line north to San Francisco than from Salt Lake. Three-fourths of the population live to the north.

The Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill was passed, with verbal amendments.

The Naval Restoration Bill was also passed.

Mr. Douglass reported from the Committee on Territories, the Arizona Admission Bill, with an amendment.

Various bills, relative to the District of Columbia, were considered, and advanced a stage towards passage. The President has approved the bill to acquire land for the aqueduct.

Mr. Sidell, of Louisiana, on the Senate taking up by consent the resolution proposing to bestow a medal on Commodore Paulding made it the text for reading a carefully prepared speech, having a disguised yet palpable bearing on the future of Central America and Cuba.

The general scope of his remarks was against private and in favor of national filibustering. Models he said were usually given for "cavalry services," but there was nothing illustrious or judicious in Com. Paulding's exploits. He reviewed minutely the events in Gov. Walker's career, passing from the Sonora fiasco to that of Nicaragua, where, through the force of a popular election, supported by the bayonet, he obtained the power, and had a right to be proud of his statesmanship, yet his administration was a succession of acts of rapine and bloodshed. The earliest act was to confiscate the property of the American company and others, and its partition among his followers, and since that has been a record of misdeeds.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, moved that the bill be sent back to the Committee, with instructions to report at the earliest opportunity, whether the District shall be retroceded to Maryland, Congress reserving the public buildings.

Mr. Wilson moved to strike out section 5, which gives the President power to call out two hundred extra men on an emergency.

After a discussion the amendment was finally withdrawn by Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Fessenden, of Louisiana, subsequently reversed the amendment, and it was voted on and lost.

Afterwards Mr. Stuart renewed the amendment, and it was carried, and the clause was stricken out—yeas 24, nays 21.

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## Wit and Humor.

## REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

Some church affairs made it necessary for Mr. Cartwright to visit New York city some years ago, and it was arranged for him that he should put up at the Astor House. It was here that his brethren expected to meet him; his social and denominational appointments had reference to the Astor House as his headquarters. When Mr. Cartwright, however, appeared at the Astor, there was nothing in his backwoods appearance that suggested to its proprietors his worthy position among the fathers of Methodism; when, therefore, he requested to be shown to his room, he was very cavalierly turned over to a servant to show him up stairs. Up stairs they went—up, up—Mr. Cartwright in wondering amazement lost, the servant apparently entering in his amusement of ascending. Finally, the servant opened the door of an apartment up in the attic story, and pointed it out to Mr. C. as his room. Father Peter detained the servant while he should take a general survey of the premises—repeated the inquiry if this was the room he was to occupy—and at length, appearing to be well satisfied, he disposed of his baggage, and very politely requested the servant to be good enough to show him down stairs again. The servant preceded Father Cartwright down, down, down, till they reached at length the street landing; but, before the servant could make his escape, Peter inquired if he wouldn't please to show him up again? So up they went again, heavenward, and at last Peter found his room, and permitted the servant to depart in peace. The servant, however, had little more than found himself down stairs, when Uncle Peter rang the bell vigorously. In due time, up came the servant, by this time panting with the unusual exertion.

"My good friend, I am sorry to trouble you, but I should be glad to see the clerk, if you will be kind enough to send him to my room."

"Oh, certainly."

And so down, down goes the servant, to say to the clerk that a singular old chap up in the upper story wanted him to come to his room. And then up, up goes Mr. Clerk.

"Are you the clerk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you will place me under great obligations to you, if you will show me the way down stairs."

And when once more down stairs, after Uncle Peter had taken another careful survey of the surroundings the clerk very politely inquired if there was anything further he could do for him.

"Yes," says Uncle Peter, "yes, my friend, I would be greatly obliged to you for a broad-axe."

"A broad-axe!" says Mr. Clerk, in astonishment, "and what do you propose to do with a broad-axe?"

"I thought I should like to 'blaze' my way to my room!"

It is needless to say that Peter Cartwright was the lion of that week at the Astor; and that it was not further required of him to climb up that endless series of stairways—but, when his friends called again to inquire for, or call upon him, they found him snugly ensconced in one of the most eligible rooms in the house.

**A LUCID CHARGE.**—The following, by a "Wolverine" Judge, is intended to define the crime of murder to a Wolverine jury: "Murder, gentlemen," said the Western Sober, "is where a man is murdered by a Wolverine. The killer, in such a case, is a murderer. Now murder by poison, is as much murder as murder with a gun. It is the murdering that constitutes murder, in the eye of the law. You will bear in mind that murder is one thing, and manslaughter another; therefore, if it is not manslaughter, it must be murder; and if it is not murder, it must be manslaughter. Self-murder has nothing to do in this case; one man cannot commit *foi de se* on another; that is clearly my view. Gentlemen, I think you can have no difficulty. Murder, I say, is murder. The murder of a brother is called fratricide; but it is not fratricide if a man murders his mother. You will make up your minds. You know what murder is, and I need not tell what it is not. I repeat, murder is murder. You can retire upon it, if you like!"

**ANECDOTE OF LORENZO DOW.**—They tell a good story of Lorenzo Dow, a perambulating preacher of his "school," to the effect, that riding once in a stage coach on his way to an appointment, he fell in company with some wild young blades, who were led, from his eccentric appearance and manner, to imagine that he was a proper subject for their jokes and raillery. He at once honored their design, by affecting silliness, and making the most absurd and senseless remarks. Upon arriving at the place where he was to stop, they ascertained who their butt was, and began to apologize, observing, in extenuation of their rudeness, that his own conversation had misled them. "Oh!" said he, "that's my way: I always try to accommodate myself to the company I am in; and when I am among fools, I talk foolish!"

**AN ALLEGED ENGAGEMENT.**—Among the spectators at the Boston Museum, last week, to witness the tragedy of "Jane Shore," was an affectionate pair of lovers, who had visited the theatre evidently not for the purpose of seeing the play, but to pass away the time in sentimental proximity—in other words, in "courting." A young-looking fellow immediately behind them, seemed much delighted with their fondness, and that the audience might not be in doubt concerning that of which he was convinced, he took from his seat a large placard, which he placed on their shoulders, (they were so near that this could be done.) On the placard was printed in large letters, the word "Engaged." The act was seen by many, and "brought down the house."—*Boston Journal.*

## DOING UP CONSIDERABLE SLEEP.

"Away out in Missouri" they live on the primitive system. People sleep as well as eat in companies, and in many of the hotels there are from three to a dozen beds in each chamber. On a cold winter's night, a weary and foot-worn traveller arrived at one of those caravansaries by the roadside. After stepping into the bar-room and taking the requisite number of "drinks," he invoked the attention of the accommodating landlady with this interrogatory:—"I say, ma'am, have you got a considerable number of beds in your house?" "Yes," answered she, "I reckon we have."

"How many beds have you about this time that ain't noways engaged?" "Well, we've one room upstairs with eleven beds in it."

"That's just right," said the traveller. "I'll take that room and engage all the beds, if you please." The landlady, not expecting any more company for the night, and thinking that her guest might wish to be alone, consented that he should occupy the room. But no sooner had the wayfarer retired, than a large party arrived and demanded lodgings for the night. The landlady told them she was very sorry, but all her rooms were engaged; true, there was one room with eleven beds in it, and only one gentleman. "We must go there, then—we must have beds there." The party accordingly proceeded to the chamber with the beds and rapped; no answer was returned. They essayed to open the door—it was locked. They shouted aloud, but received no reply. At last driven to desperation, they determined upon bursting open the door. They had no sooner done so than they discovered every bedstead empty, and all the beds piled one upon another in the centre of the room, with the traveller sound asleep on the top. They with some difficulty aroused him, and demanded what in the world he wanted with all those beds. "Why look here, strangers," said he, "I ain't had no sleep these eleven nights; so I just hired eleven beds, to get rested all at once and make up what I have lost. I calculated to do up a considerable mass of sleeping; I've hired all these beds and paid for 'em, and hang me if I don't have eleven nights sleep out on 'em before morning."

## THE SILLY DISPENSATION.

Every young woman who has arrived at twenty years of age has passed through three dispensations—the chaotic, the transitional and the crystalline. The chaotic usually terminates with the adoption of the long skirt. Then commences the process of crystallization. This process may go on for years, or it may proceed so rapidly that two years will complete it. In some women, it is never completed, in consequence of a lack of inherent vital force, or a criminal disregard of the requisite conditions. This transitional dispensation, which, for convenience of characterization, I will call the silly dispensation, is so full of dangers that it calls for a separate letter; and this I propose to write now.

The silly dispensation or stage of a young woman's life is marked by many curious symptoms, some of them indicative of disease. As the cutting of the natural teeth is usually accompanied by various disorders, so the cutting of the spiritual teeth in women is very apt to exhibit its results in abnormal manifestations. They sometimes eat slate pencils and chalk, and some have been known to take kindly to broken bits of plastering. Others take a literary turn, and not content with any number of epistles to female acquaintances, send in contributions to the press, which the friendly and appreciative editor kindly and carefully returns, or as kindly and carefully loses, or fails to receive. Others still take to shopping and dawdling with clerks who have dawning beards, red cheeks, and frock coats with outside pockets from which protrude white handkerchiefs. Still others yoke themselves in pairs, drawn together by sympathetic attraction, and by community of mental exercise on the subject of beaux. You shall see them walking through the streets, locked arm in arm, plunging into the most charming confidences, or, if you happen to sleep in the house with them, you shall hear them talking in their chamber until, at midnight, the monotonous hum of their voices has soothed you into sleep; and the same voices, with the same unbroken hum, shall greet your ears in the morning. Others take to solitude and long curls. They walk with their eyes down, murmuring to themselves, with the impression that everybody is looking at them.

If a young woman can be safely carried through this dispensation, the great step of life will have been gained. This is the era of hasty marriages, deathless attachments which last until they are superceded, and deliberately formed determinations to live a maiden life, which endure until the reception of an offer of marriage. If, during this period, a young woman be at home, engaged more or less in the duties of the household, or if she be engaged in study with the healthful restraints and stimulus of general society about her it is very well for her. If she finds herself possessed with unaccountable proclivities to a mineral diet, or a foggy out reaching for something or other that manifests itself in profound confidence with one similarly afflicted, or any one of a hundred absorbing sentimentalities, let her remember that she is mentally and morally sick, and that for her own comfort and peace she should seek at once for a remedy. Her only safety is in seeking direct contact with a higher and more advanced life, and by seeking healthful occupation for all her powers, intellectual and physical. Dreams, imaginations, silly talk and twaddle about young men, yearnings after sympathetic hearts, the quivering of precious little thoughts about beaux on the knees of fancy, and all that sort of nonsense, should be discarded—kicked out of the sacred precincts of the mind—as if they were so many foul reptiles. Get out of this feverish and unhealthy frame just as soon as possible, and walk forth into a more natural, dignified and womanly life.

**THE GURNEYS.**—The Quaker Gurneys are among the few descendants that yet linger among us of the original Norman barons by tenure, constituting the first body of aristocracy under the conqueror.—*Quarterly Review.*



## FAIR AND EQUAL.

SISTER.—"Not give a ball, Charles! Fiddle! Why not? I tell you what—if you will find the room, and the music, and the supper, and the champagne, and the ices,—I'll find the ladies! Come now!"

## Agricultural.

## FACTS OF INTEREST.

**Cranberry Culture** is exciting attention West. This is well. Wherever ground can be overflowed with water, and is somewhat sandy, cranberries can be cultivated with profit. There are many places in Ohio and Michigan peculiarly suited to this fruit. We hope they may be improved in this way.

**Saw Dust** is valuable in the stable and barn-yard. It absorbs the urine, helps to make a good bed for stock, secures the rotting of manure sooner and makes it easier to mix the whole with the soil. Saw dust should have straw scattered above it in the stable, in order to make the bed best. Alone, saw dust is cold and hard. Saw dust is good, too, as a light mulch. But, if thin, it will not endure drought; and if thick, it is rather cold. Farmers who live near saw-mills, and can get the dust for the drawing, will make it pay.

**Planting a Castor Oil Bean** on each square rod of ground, is said to be a sure way to prevent the gophers or striped prairie squirrels from digging up newly-planted corn. Might not the same mode be adopted to diminish the ravages of our own squirrels, in the same line?

**Coal Ashes** are used with advantage on some meadows. A man near Syracuse, says the *Rural New Yorker*, tried coal ashes laid by side with good barn-yard manure. The grass where the coal ashes were spread was thicker and higher than where the manure was. He is going to experiment farther.

**Inflamed Udders** in cows may commonly be prevented, or arrested, (if attended to early) by milking clean very frequently, and keeping the cow on a spare diet for a few days.

**To Test Seed Corn**, remove the covering of the chit, and if it is sound, it will look bright and natural. If not, it would look livid and dead. Examine this matter carefully, as there was a great deal of unripe corn last fall.

**Variety.**—We are glad to see that Gasparin, a French agriculturist, has the same opinion as we have recently expressed, in regard to variety in the products of the farm. Among the advantages of a rotation in crops we mentioned this: that it secured a variety of experience and products. Gasparin recommends variety, because it promotes health and civilization. He is right.—*Ohio Farmer.*

## HOW TO USE GUANO.

As we find that many people give daily opinions on the application of guano, though they have never used any of the article, we think it incumbent on us, as publishers of a paper relating to manure and farm management, to give a little advice in regard to the use of this special introduction.

Poor guano is nothing. Procure the real Peruvian if any, and you have a powerful article for any kind of crop. The modes of application have been various, as we should expect among people who are not much acquainted with it.

When any quantity is put into a hill of corn, potatoes, beans, or other hoed crop, it is very apt to do more harm than good, as it is so powerful that it must not come in contact with young roots, even though the guano has been diluted with loam at the rate of four to one.

We have used guano for a number of years, and have suffered less by putting a small quantity in hills of corn. But latterly we prefer to sow the article broadcast and mix it at once with the soil. A good harrow will do this effectively—or a plough may be used when a slight furrow only is made.

Now, in order to sow even and well, take 300 pounds of guano into your garden and mix three times as much good loam with it. Let the whole remain a few days, in order to soften and break the hard lumps in the manure. This is a much better mode of pulverizing than pounding the lumps on a barn floor. Overhaul the heap daily with a hoe, and if the mass appears too dry, throw on water till the whole is moist enough to make the lumps crumble.

Three hundred pounds of first-rate guano make a good dressing for an acre of corn or wheat—equal to twenty cart loads of stable

manure. Guano is often sown on to grass lands as we sow plaster. But this is decidedly a wrong mode of application, and we wonder not that many condemn the use of guano after trying it in this manner. It is a dry and fiery article, and though it might be of use on grass land, if sown in a rainy day, it could not have much effect in a dry time.

This article and plaster also do more service when mixed immediately with the soil than when left uncovered. We do not adopt the common opinion that guano is no benefit to the soil after the first year.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

## SADDLES.

Has it ever occurred to you that our mode of placing the saddle on horses is highly objectionable? The girths, as generally used, are applied round the chest of the horse. Now, the chest, as everybody knows, is a movable, bony, and cartilaginous case, containing the lungs. The chest expands at every inspiration; consequently anything tending to prevent the proper expansion of the chest, and the proper inflation of the lungs, is in the highest degree detrimental. That the girths hinder this proper action there can be no doubt, and horses used in hunting and racing especially must experience the ill effects resulting from it. The much-inveighed-against practice among the fair sex of producing the slender waist is not so objectionable in principle. The long and small waist is got up at the proper place, just above the hips and under the chest, so that it does not interfere so much with the action of the ribs. It is the constant constriction and degree of tightness that is so injurious in their case. The proper place for the girths to be applied on the horse is round the waist, that is, under the flanks. I maintain—as you have no doubt seen on some of the old country nags, one girth is made to act as a crupper by being brought back under the flanks. Our saddle, I think, is generally placed a little too forward, and not quite over the "poise of balance," which is the spot of the longest spinous process of the dorsal vertebrae. What is the first thing the pedestrian thinks of before entering on his walk or running match? Why the snugly adjusting his belt round the waist, not under his armpits. The application of the belt at the waist has a most salutary effect, because it acts as a supplementary muscle of respiration, assisting in the dilatation of the chest. I say, then, the saddle should be placed a little further back: from it the girths should be carried back round the abdominal muscles or waist. The saddle would then require a good strong but light breastplate or collar, and that would make it quite secure. The flaps would need a little altering to meet the changed position of the girths, which now, instead of being injurious, would be very beneficial to the horse, and improve his staying qualities.—*Correspondent of London Field.*

**A USEFUL SUGGESTION.**—Toads are most useful reptiles, and devour thousands of small insects that would otherwise eat up the vegetation. Gardeners well know this when they turn them into the hot-houses. As proof, I subjoin this testimony from a gardener: "In the autumn of last year a pit wherein I grew melons was so much infested with ants as to threaten the destruction of the whole crop, which they did first by perforating the skin, and afterwards eating their way into the fruit; and, after making several unsuccessful experiments to destroy them, it occurred to me that I had seen the toads feed on them. I accordingly put half-a-dozen toads into the pit, and in the course of a few days hardly a single ant was to be seen." There is just now a plague of ants in many of the London houses, which defy extermination. I strongly recommend those who are troubled with these plagues to try whether a toad or two would help them.—*Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History.*

**TO PREVENT CROWS AND BLACKBIRDS PULLING CORN.**—As a remedy against Crows and Blackbirds pulling corn, the farmers about here drive down stakes, say from 5 to 10 rods from each other, and stretch the common cotton twine "criss-cross" through the field, and feel safe against the thieves. I have pursued the same course with entire success. This should be done before the corn comes up. The same twine will answer for a number of years.—*Rural New Yorker.*

**POSTS HEAVING OUT BY FROST.**—If your correspondent "A. O. P." will take a two-inch auger, and bore a hole near the bottom of the post, through which to put a good white oak pin, sixteen or eighteen inches long, and set his posts well down with the pin in the hole as described, he will not be troubled with his posts heaving out. I have seen fences thus made stand until the posts rotted off at the surface of the ground, although it stood where the water was several feet above the top nearly every season during heavy freshets in the Susquehanna, and I have no doubt it will stand frost as well.—*I. F. O. Exchange.*

## Useful Receipts.

**ECONOMICAL MODE OF CLEARING COFFEE WHEN EGGS ARE SCARCE.**—We frequently have the whites of eggs left out when making puddings, custards, &c. When they are to spare, beat them to a stiff froth, spread them on clean white paper, which is easily dried in the air or warm oven, after which roll it into a scroll and put away in a dry place; before making coffee, cut off a piece two inches square or larger, according to quantity of coffee, lay it in a gill of cold water till sufficiently moistened to make a slight mucilage, which pour on to your ground coffee, and mix well together—then add all to your boiler of water, which should be boiling hard at the time; your coffee can be made in the usual way. The inside skin of the egg shell answers the same purpose, dried and put away in paper bags; use them in the same way in making coffee.—*Corres. Country Gentleman.*

**COOKING OLD FOWLS.**—The following method is given in the Cottage Gardener for making the best and most savory dish with old fowls: Take a dish (an oval one is best), and it must have a cover to it; cut thin slices of bread, and line the bottom and sides of it with them; then put a layer of bacon. You may then either put in your fowl whole, or, if you have more than one, you may cut them up; if the latter, place them in layers, filling up with any old scraps of meat you may have—nothing is too common or too fat; any remnants or trimmings, pieces of bacon, any of the little bits that turn to no account; but fill every space—make it, in fact, a sort of edible grouting. When the dish is full, pour in gravy; or, lacking that, pour in water till it is full; then put a layer of bacon and bread, as before; put on the lid, and tie it down. Let it be put in a slack oven over night, and allowed to remain simmering till the morning; then let it get cold, and your old Cochins and Dorking cock will be tender and juicy, and built in a bed of jelly and succulent meat. Your odds and ends of fat will be turned to flavored merrrow, and the bits of stray meat will be seen set in amber. Hungry boys and girls are very fond of the crisp slices of bread that have lined the vessel. The top of the tureen should have the necessary small hole, to prevent a blow-up.

**WARTS.**—I have a very fine mare that, when I got her, had a large wart on her hind leg. I got five cents' worth of corrosive sublimate, took an old case knife and put it on the wart. Three or four applications will cure the worst kind of a wart.—*Prairie Farmer.*

**RECIPE FOR MAKING SAE BEER.**—Take one pound of good hops, put them in a clean barrel, and take it to the orchard; fill the barrel with sap and set it away for use; in about two weeks it will be fit for drinking, and will remain good till June.—*N. E. Farmer.*

**RHEUMATIC LAMENESS IN A HORSE.**—For a rheumatic lameness in a horse, a handful of sunflower seed in his feed, two or three times a week will make him as limber as ever.—*Rural New Yorker.*

**GALLS AND SCRATCHES IN HORSES.**—After you have done your day's work, take cold water and wash their shoulders good, and they will not get sore. Then wash their feet and legs clean, and if your horse have the scratches, in the morning grease them with lard; if they have not, the washing will prevent them. This is all I ever do, and it never fails.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

**YEAST FOR CAKES OR BREAD.**—In a quart of boiling water stir sufficient wheat flour to make a smooth thick batter; while hot, stir in it four ounces white sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. When cold, put in sufficient yeast (say near a teaspoonful) to cause the mass to ferment. Lay it by in a covered jar for use. Half a teaspoonful is enough to make two large loaves. To renew the yeast, when used up, reserve a teaspoonful.

This recipe my wife considers her own invention, as she has never seen it. It is simple and efficient for raising buckwheat cakes and bread very light and very white if the flour is good.

**BE SPARING OF DRUGS.**—Dr. O. W. Holmer, whose reputation as a physician runs neck and neck with his literary popularity, in his valedictory address to the medical students of Harvard University, delivered on the 10th ultimo, gives the following, we doubt not judicious, advice to the medical students who were about to graduate:—"With regard to the exhibition of drugs as a part of your medical treatment, the golden rule is, be sparing. Many remedies you give would make a well person so ill that he would send for you at once if he had taken one of your doses for accident. It is not quite fair to give such things to a sick man, unless it is clear that they will do more good than the very considerable harm you know they will cause. Be very gracious with children especially. I have seen old men shiver at the recollection of the rhubarb and jalap of infancy. You may depend upon it that half the success of Homoeopathy is due to the sweet peace it has brought into the nursery. Between the gurgling down of loathsome mixtures and the saccharine delicatessen of a minute globule, what tender mother could for a moment hesitate!"

"Let us build such a church, that those who come after us shall take us for madmen," said the old canon of Seville, when the great cathedral was planned. Perhaps through every mind passes some such thought, when it first entertains the design of some great and seemingly impossible action, the end of which it dimly foresees. This divine madness enters more or less into all our noblest undertakings.

## The Riddler.

## PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 56 letters.  
My 27, 24, 53, 19, 36, 20, 26, is a mineral found in foliated crystals, of a greenish white color.  
My 16, 21, 45, 27, 28, is one of the planets.  
My 11, 19, 53, 14, 17, 36, 40, 2, 44, 21, is a part of the eye.  
My 47, 52, 27, is a property belonging to all bodies submerged in water.  
My 11, 51, 28, 46, 56, 52, is a body of which the centre is at the same distance from every part of the circumference.  
My 11, 21, 31, 15, is the minute particles of rock or stone.  
My 4, 21, 30, 31, is a phenomenon caused by the intermixture of masses of moisture.  
My 12, 22, 53, 27, 56, 31, was an American philosopher and mechanician.  
My 5, 6, 11, 18, 54, 42, are those substances which are insoluble except in alcohol, ether or alkalies.  
My 13, 52, 43, 2, 31, is a juice extracted from the pine-tree.  
My 12, 7, 9, 27, 29, is a musical instrument.  
My 32, 55, 7, 19, 21, 31, 36, is a phenomenon which is attributed by Werner and his disciples to the spontaneous combustion of beds of coal.  
My 32, 21, 31, 33, is a philosophical invention to indicate the direction of the wind.  
My 25, 21, 37, 31, 33, 35, is one of the families of minerals.  
My 37, 56, 25, is condensed vapor arising from damp ground.  
My 1, 21, 7, 34, 29, 50, 40, 41, 42, 49, 10, 27, was an antediluvian animal, which, says Cuvier, must have resembled the tapirs of the present day.  
My 38, 45, 3, 12, 2, 21, 31, 35, is a gas, so called, from its property of forming a substance like oil when added to chlorine.  
My 8, 48, 27, 30, 44, 11, is the science which treats of light.  
My whole was a distinguished French mechanician.  
GAHMEW.

## RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am not possessed of life,  
Yet I move along with ease,  
Across the ocean and the lake,  
Or o'er the forest trees.

If you travel on land or sea,  
You'll often see my form;  
Yet strange as this may sound to you,  
I never do any harm.

I'm formed by the clouds that soar beneath  
The azure sky of June,  
When brightly shines the summer's sun  
At morning or at noon.

I swiftly float across the fields,  
And yet I have no wings;  
I'm seen beneath the forest tree,  
When songs the robin sings.

I'm found along the river's bank,  
And upon the rippling stream,  
When winter's snow is on the hills,  
Or when the fields are green.

When brightly shines the moon at night,  
You'll see me just as well  
As in the glaring light of day,—  
Now, pray, the answer tell.

Peques, Lancaster Co., Pa. ALPHA.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
My first is a personal pronoun.  
My second is a neuter verb.  
My third is a personal pronoun.  
My whole is a capital in Soudan.  
Coopersville, J. L. A.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
1. O-for-lamb-head! 6. Not-rome.  
2. We-go-so. 7. Corky.  
3. Out-sari. 8. T-get-a-cat?  
4. O-sne! 9. Hat.  
5. Kill-cats. 10. Goes.  
CINROS.

## ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Francis gave \$729 into some profitable trading business as an original stock, which increased in an even and uniform ratio, or per cent.,—but he annually spends \$100 of this increase. The balance of this increase yearly was added to the former stock, and increased at the same per cent. as the former year's stock did. Now at the end of five years it is found that his stock in the concern is worth \$2,107.50 net of all. Can you tell me the ratio that the stock did annually increase in?  
DANIEL DIEFENBACH.  
Croftersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

## CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Q. Why is a man in serious thought like a dead man? A. Ans.—Both are grave subjects.  
Q. What leader of the Israelites had no father? A. Ans.—Joshua, because he was the son of Nun, (none).  
Q. What word is there of five letters, which, if you take away two, six will remain? A. Ans.—Sixty.  
Q. Why would it be correct to infer that there was a mill in Eden? A. Ans.—Because we know a dam (Adam) was there.  
L. J. F.  
Pottstown, Pa.

**ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.**  
GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Stephen Decatur.  
ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA.—The Mariner's Compass.  
ENIGMA.—Miscellaneous Enigmas.  
CHARADE.—Steam-ship. RIDDLE.—Wine. (Win, new).  
ANAGRAMS.—Alleghany, Androsoggin, Cumberland, Muskingham, Housatonic, Yellow Water, Big Sandy, Susquehanna, Shenandoah, Penobscot, Des Moines, Chocoma.

**ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.**  
For the Horse he paid \$49 75 &c.  
For the Chaise he paid 50 20 &c.  
For the Harness he paid 50 37 &c.  
Total. \$150 28 1-6.

GAMMEW.—Your Mythological Rebus is too long for our limits. This is also the case with various enigmas, &c., which we have received from time to time from different authors.

Q. At a very learned discussion on strata, the other day, at the house of the learned professor, a Mr. B. asked if there were any strata of precious gems. "No, none whatever," replied Professor Agassiz. "I've heard of one," said Mr. B. "Impossible!" was the rejoinder. "Oh, yes," said B.; "and it was called a strata-gem!"